

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLI.

JUNE, 1853.

No. 6.

O R I E N T A L I S M .

STRICTLY speaking, Orientalism is a mode of speech. It is not in this vernacular sense that we propose to consider it, but in a larger and more popular signification. And thus considered, it is a subject so general and indefinite, that we cannot hope to render its discussion pointed and interesting without some limitation of the term. Shall we confine it to Turkey, or to the nations of the East who live along and beyond the Eastern Mediterranean, under the sway of the Sultan? Or shall we include those races connate with the Turk, having a Saracenic origin? Or, going farther east, entrench upon the Mongolian and Indian races, thus embracing all Asia? The subject needs restraint.

Orientalism is not merely associated with one country, race, or era. It is a complex idea, made up of history and scenery, suffused with imagination and irradiate with revelation. It is not always associated with Tartar hordes, luxurious Caliphs, tea-raising Chinese, Grand Jamas, Indian Sikhs, and three-tailed pashas. It may include these as straggling figures in the picture. But to represent it pictorially, as it first flashes upon the mind, would absorb all the colors of the chromatic scale, and break all artistic unity.

We frame to ourselves a deep azure sky, and a languid, alluring atmosphere; associate luxurious ease with the coffee-rooms and flower-gardens of the Seraglio at Constantinople; with the tapering minarets and gold-crescents of Cairo; with the fountains within and the kiosks without Damascus — settings of silver in circlets of gold. We see grave and reverend turbans sitting cross-legged on Persian carpets in baths and harems, under palm-trees or acacias, either quaffing the cool sherbet of roses, or the aromatic Mocha coffee, sipped from the fingan poised in the zarf; we picture the anxious Armenian in busy bazaars, offering the customer the amber mouth-piece of the chibouque, while he commends his ottar of roses and gold-cloth; we see the smoke of the Latakia — the mild, sweet tobacco of Syria — whiffed lazily from the bubbling water-pipe, while the devotee of back-gammon listlessly rattles the dice; we hear the musical periods of the story-teller, relating the thousand-and-one

tales to the ever-curious crowd. We perceive the spirit of silence brooding over the turbaned tomb-stones of the cemetery, enamored of its cypress-home and the cool shadow; Nubian slaves, with stealthy tread, following their veiled mistresses through the bazaars, or running after the haughty horsemen of the street; the caravan of camels winding its weary way over the waste, watchful against the Bedouin of the desert, and careless of the buried cities beneath. We feel the power of the Sultan and the creed of Mahomet, through Emir and Dervish sweeping over the Orient, giving at least some unity to the scene; we then bespread over all a sort of Arabian night-spell, with its deep sapphire starlight and its nightingale-music from the crown of the palm-tree or liquorice-bush; or in dreamy repose we seem transported to some Swergeria of bliss, where

‘GENERAL delights the sun
Sheds on our happy being, and the stars
Effuse on us benignant influences;

and we call this—Orientalism!

This is Orientalism, not as it is, but as it swims before the sensuous imagination. It is too unreal to be defined. The idea partakes of the extravagance of the Oriental mind, and would fain be invested with poetic imagery. To analyze it is to dissolve the charm. It is like the sight of Constantinople when first seen from the Bosphorus, before you round Seraglio-point into the Golden Horn, glittering in crescent, in graceful spire and swelling dome, flashing back the sun's radiance, rising out of cypress-groves like a dream of beauty; but when you enter its streets, see its dogs, its burden-bearers, its dirt, its low, mean dwellings, and look within that magic mosque and find the common cane-carpet, ostrich-eggs, and horse-tail ornaments, and the walls bald of pictures, the dream vanishes into the glistening air!

How then shall we define this thing of dreams and dirt, despotism and dignity, called Orientalism! Is there no reality tangible to our touch? Ah! yes; there is a serener, because a more spiritual Orientalism. It is the more substantial, because spiritual; and because spiritual, no longer local. Who has not felt, rather than pictured that tranquil Orient: its silence full of the splendors and deep with the mysteries of the INFINITE? It links our thoughts to earth by its enchantment; it lifts them to heaven by its revelation. The rich stream of poetry which flows through the Bible, and penetrates our best emotions, springs from the Orient, inspired of God. Those thoughts which transcend the level of life, and raise within us aspirations

‘WHERRIN Eternity entwines with Time
Its golden strands, and weds the soul to heaven;

these dawn upon us from the Orient. Here, God himself talked with his creatures. Here was the cradle of the human race. Here, Adam and Eve were imparadised: ‘And the LORD God planted a garden *eastward* in Eden; and out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; and a river went out of Eden, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads.’ Even yet, learning locates the four rivers of the fore-world. Along the banks of the Euphrates, Babylon — with twice the size and ten

times the luxury of London — once rioted. Upon the same banks, Layard has exhumed the memorials of Assyrian pride, and Rawlinson has laid bare the cuneiform inscriptions of the Medes and Persians; the former as confirmations of Holy Writ, the latter of the history of Herodotus, and both as teachers of the brittleness of human power. The ruins of palaces and cities gleam through the sands of the desert. The Arabs pasture their flocks and gather thistles for their camels amid the stupendous relics of defunct dynasties. The people of Nineveh and Babylon appear again in their basaltic sculptures — a broad-built, muscular race, once the founders of states and the masters of provinces — to remind us that even they once gave way to the Arabs of the Caliphate — a brilliant and refined race, whose science in medicine, algebra, and astronomy, was only equalled by their Chaldean predecessors, and whose degenerate children even yet rule the Orient from the Bosphorus. What remains of this primeval Orient? The Castle of the Sun lies as deserted near Bir, upon the banks of the Euphrates, as the altar-temples of the star-worshippers below Hillah. Around them the lank and light-limbed Arab dashes his barb, as careless of yesterday as of to-morrow. The monuments of Zenobia at Zelebi and Palmyra are scarcely visited by the caravan. The Russian takes muslin to Mosul, and the English damasks to Damascus, to repay the debt incurred by the West to the East for textile skill, which their names signify. Bagdad, still princely, shimmers under the Eastern sun, the resort of traders and of pilgrims, wander-wondering around the tower of Nimrod.

A few leagues from these scenes of unrestrained power, whose monuments stagger conception and belittle our boasted science, Jordan rolls to that sea of Death whose sluggish wave hides the charred frame-work of a great tragedy. On every side, the mountains, deserts, rivers, and groves of cedar, speak of that solemn and primitive nature, which, blent with the patriarchal character, made the Orient the chosen spot of the Great FATHER of Life. Are they not yet rich with the relic-radiance of the past? Scenes of miracles, whose mystery was only exceeded by their beneficence; the stage on which patriarchs, prophets, angels, and sages played their parts to usher in the advent of Him who came in the humility of the carpenter's son, yet departed with 'trailing clouds of glory.' What is the Orient aside from such memories? What its central object of attraction — Jerusalem? Only the capital of a strange race, built on rocks amid desolate valleys, environed by calcined mountains, producing a few olives! *Here was enshrined the Divine Unity.* Into this blue, oriental sky was received the form of JESUS, melting into its soft ether before the tearful gaze of the bereaved disciples. This is the crowning glory and mystery of the Orient.

Here, too, is the source of all religions. The four great faiths, Buddhism, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity, had here their origin.

Of the first, Buddhism, comparatively little has transpired until recently. This is the more surprising, since we know that one hundred and seventy millions of souls are its devotees. It began in India, where its foot-prints are yet seen in other forms of worship, and spreading from Nepaul to Ceylon, it rose above the sky-reaching Himalayas and overran China, Japan, Thibet, and the whole Mongolian realm, even to the confines of Siberia. Its idea is, that the external world is but a transient

manifestation of the Divine BEING ; that the soul is absorbed finally in that Divine essence ; but before final absorption, appears again and again in new and other forms, to play its part upon the earth. This transmigration may go on through the animal creation. The consistent Chinese Buddhist, when he serves up a dog or a rat upon his table, may be serving up the form of his grand-father or grand-mother. Its highest development is among its priests or Lamas, who pass in direct succession from Lama to Lama, the body only changing, the soul remaining in perpetuity, like one of our corporations.

Of the second religious phase of the East, Judaism, we need only say, that history hath no parallel by which to compare that ever-growing wonder of a great people, more united in its separation than any other people in its union, and proud of its proscription amidst the obloquy of the world. What is the significance of this fact, would be an interesting problem to discuss. Our present purpose is only to state its existence.

The third phase, Mahometanism, we cannot regard as an imposture, but rather as the offspring of Oriental imagination quickened by religious enthusiasm. 'The world is ruled by Imagination,' said Napoleon. The remark is eminently true of the religious and superstitious world. The imagination of the Orient is extravagant and weird, yet august and sublime. It is a garden prodigal of the fruit and bloom of inspiration, as Holy Writ testifies ; yet a hot-bed ripening the rankest superstition. It bowed before a golden calf, and then before the eternal JEHOVAH ; before Baal, and then before Jesus. All ages have witnessed its results. Its last type in the Banbists has swept over Persia, and wrought with such vehemence that the monarch, to eradicate the delusion, has massacred thousands in cold blood. Such superstitions seem indigenous to the East, like the reptile of the river or the tiger of the jungle ; or rather like the cholera generated by the rank vegetation and the unclouded heat.

The Oriental imagination, in its normal as well as in its abnormal exercise, never felt restraint. It revelled unconfined, whether in the poem, the tale, the casual remark, the mode of salutation, the history, or the religion. It was never subdued and confined, like that of the Greek. The Greek dwelt in form. He delineated. He analyzed. He bounded his conceptions. He had a variety of gods, and a limited sphere for each. He had sculpture and painting ; and, like the Italian, cultivated them as a part of his religion. He was a Democrat, and had an agora, where the orator gave utterance to the will of the people, as the check upon political power. What a contrast to the Oriental mind ! It dealt with immensity. Its stories were of abysses. It shot up into the infinite. It was of synthesis. Its conceptions knew no bound. It had no painters or sculptors. It generated no Democracy ; was ever making its salaam before despotism. It produced no Olympus of gods. The divine, infinite, and eternal UNRY sat upon the circle of the heavens, hid in the cloudy tabernacle, and throned above the stars ! Phidias carved a Jove for the Greek, and Angelo painted God in fresco for the Italian ; but Zoroaster worshipped the ceaseless source of light and life, the sun ; and Amamum, following with his eye the gorgeous procession of stars, taught the Chaldeans to revere those golden lights as the arbiters of fate. Solomon and Isaiah called upon the elements to speak to the infinite soul, which, struggling, strove to grasp the idea of the infinite JEHOVAH.

Mahomet was no dull observer of this Oriental mind. He met the pilgrims to the Kaäba at Mecca, and ministered to this love of the divine and infinite UNITY. But his system was like the dream of Jacob: the upper rounds of the ladder were lost in the effulgence of heaven, while the lower rounds rested amid the mists of earth. While he appealed to the INFINITE, he used a sensual medium. Is it wonderful that, thus appealing, he succeeded? Glance at his history and at his Koran. He nursed his disciples by the pride of unlimited conquest. He pillowed them around banquets of bounty, upon luxurious ottomans. He lifted the veil of the future, only to reveal the gazelle-eye of the Circassian beauty, and her soft hand beckoning the believer to the caresses of paradise. 'For him who dreads the tribunal of his LORD,' said the Koran, 'are prepared two gardens, planted with shady trees. In each of them two fountains shall be flowing. In each of them shall there be fruit of every kind. They shall repose on couches, the linings whereof shall be of thick silk interwoven with gold. Herein shall receive them beautiful damsels,' etc. There is no stint, no economy, no limitation in these promises. Is it strange that such a religion swept from the Ganges to the White Nile; that the crescent floated over the Mediterranean from the Dardanelles to Gibraltar? Is it wonderful, with such a tendency to pervert the spiritually infinite, that the simple sublimity of the self-denying Nazarene burned so fitfully in the seven candlesticks of Asia, leaving the Orient to grope in the gloom of a sensual superstition? A number of nominal Christians, to be sure, still remain around the localities where Paul and Chrysostom preached; but with the exception of a few Nestorians, their religion is the jeer of the Mahometan, and their name the synonym for rascality. The pilgrim Christian yet visits the tomb of the SAVIOUR, but it is by the sufferance of the tolerant Mahometan; tolerant, because time is taking from the Eastern empire its power, and robbing the Porte of its sublimity. The poetry of the Orient is departing with the prestige of its name. It shines still full-orbed, but like the sun in a fog, shorn of its beams, with a brassy disc; no radiant glow nor mellow lustre. New elements are advancing eastward, under the ægis of European policy. New results will appear as the effect.

We have considered somewhat too discursively, perhaps, the scenery, the history, the mind, and the religions of the Orient. It remains to consider how and with what results these will be modified and changed by western civilization. How will these results affect Austria, France, Russia, England, and America, the five paramount powers of the earth? What share will these nations have in the modifications and changes of the Ottoman Empire?

No one can fail to note that the crescent has waned conspicuously. It is also observable that with the decay of the old civilization of the Orient, a new and more energetic civilization is entering the East. This result is struggling for attainment through the Ottoman dynasty, which yet holds around Constantinople vast areas in Europe, as well as in Asia and Africa. No one can fail to see that this result will not be attained by any internal force in Moslemism or in Turkish policy. Commerce is in constant attrition with the Orient. The tides of travel over ancient path-ways; the resurrection of buried civilizations greater than their own; the development of physical resources, which the dreamy Orient regards

with bewilderment, and the rivalry of European powers in their schemes of aggrandizement; these are transmuting the despotic exclusiveness of the Orient into social amenities — the sure forerunner of other blessings. Napoleon struck out of his brilliant mind the idea of an Oriental Empire, where, like another Tamerlane, he might rule, uncurbed by Directors, Senate, or Parisian people. His genius flashed like a dawn upon the East, giving prospect of a new day for God's favored land. It was but a fitful glare. The prospect passed away with the smoke of the battle of Aboukir. But the enterprise and the presence of Napoleon in the East, fruitless of immediate result, was the initiative of a certain though slow current of reform, based upon western ideas, and working radically at the very roots of Ottoman power. Napoleon electrified the Oriental imagination. His unlimited mind found its appropriate element in the East. The Oriental never recognizes power unless displayed. Lamartine, with his suite, in 1832, affecting an air of poetical grandeur, moving through Palestine like a demi-god feeling the presentiment of his future prominence, found the Orient making its salaam before his august presence, and repeating its welcome '*Sefai gelding*' in desert and divan; yet Nicholas of Russia, if he were to appear in Damascus or among the Kourds as he appears in St. Petersburg, in a simple cloak, unattended and severe, would scarcely be heeded by the camel-drivers of the desert.

The first modern energetic display of European power toward Turkey occurred when she lost the best part of Greece. It was the first great check to Mahometanism. The lyric gush of Byron for Grecian liberty; the oratory of Clay and Webster, renewing the fame of Pericles and Demosthenes; the inhumanity of the Turk, and the classic glory of Greece, would have been idle and vain had not Russia, England, and France, for the first time joining their forces, reddened the bay of Navarino with Ottoman blood, and for ever crippled that navy whose crescent once swept from the Bosphorus to Gibraltar.

Navarino was a severe lesson. The Turk, well thrashed, crept home moody and malignant. His ire, however, had prevented this display of western power from having its due impress. Infatuated, he immediately rushed into a war with Russia. He forgot that the hardy Turk, who had been nurtured amid the snows of the Caspian, and had followed the fierce Mahmoud to victory, had been gradually melting under the sun of the Mediterranean. He forgot that the hardy Russian, like his victorious ancestors, had been nurtured under the frosts of northern winters. The city of Varna, below the Danube, on the Euxine, where the Janizaries of Bajazet had defeated the flower of France, yielded to northern courage and western science. The Balkan, the hitherto insurmountable barrier between Christianity and Mahometanism — one of the Roman Pylæ — a rock-ribbed mountain-pass, was surmounted by Diebitsch, the Russian general. The ancient capital of the Ottoman — Adrianople — fell; the great land-animal (as Henry Clay styled Russia) was about to swallow the Orient. Two days' march, and the walls that wind around Constantinople would yield to the invader. Two days more, and the mosque of St. Sophia, once the bride of the eastern Church, would again put on her beautiful garments, and, robed in fresco, would chant *Te Deum*, while pictured saints and prophets, moving upward through her dome, would

bear the tidings to the heavens. Two days more, and the Czar, the present head of the Greek Church, would bivouac with his Cossacks in the halls of the Seraglio: but those two days came not. Why? They might destroy the balance of power. The 'land-animal' would have become too great for Austria, France, and England, whose anxious intervention saved the Orient from subjugation to the Muscovite. The land-animal crawled to his northern den with watery mouth and disappointed wrath.

Since that time, Turkey has been independent, only because she is dependent upon the European powers for protection against their several encroachments. Her weakness is her strength. By this means, she was saved against the assaults of her own vassal of Egypt, in 1832. The battle of Koniah would have brought Ibrahim to Constantinople but for Russia. Jealous of the influence of England and France over Egypt, the 'land-animal' could not bear to see the prey escape. So Russia came unbidden to the rescue. How kind and considerate! She took, without asking, the key of the Dardanelles. Her navy rode at anchor in the Bosphorus, and her army encamped opposite in Asia. Is there any thing now to prevent the fatal catastrophe? Ah! St. George, assisted by St. Louis, might cripple the northern dragon; so the land-animal was in no hurry to swallow a prey which it knew would be its own in time; and so the Czar writes to his ambassador what the ambassador read to Lamartine, then in Constantinople: 'My dear Orloff: When PROVIDENCE has placed a man at the head of forty millions of his fellow-creatures, he is expected to present to the world a bright example of honor and fidelity to his word. I am that man. As soon as the difficulties are smoothed between Ibrahim and the Grand Seignior, do not wait another day, but bring back my fleet and my army.' 'This is noble language,' said Lamartine: 'a situation well understood — dignified generosity. Constantinople will not fly away, and necessity will bring back the Russian, whom political integrity' (we should rather say, the balance of power) 'now removes for a time.'

Since that time, that balance has hung over Turkey. Were it not that so many solemn interests are in the scales, its tremulous, dancing motions, with an occasional kick of the beam, would appear ridiculous. It reminds one of the teter-tawter of the boys on a slippery plank. It goes very well, up and down; how gloriously they ride when just balanced! But let one of the timid youngsters slide up toward the centre of poise, or a mischievous urchin drop off the end. Umph! Turkey has had several such bumps. She has dangled, too, most uncomfortably in the air; and with the consciousness that if England or France should slide down to the centre, or off the board, she must fall into the opening jaw of the hungry 'land-animal.' Let me instance:

Reports not long since from the Levant, speak of difficulties about a loan. The revenues of Turkey were, a few years ago, farmed out to the rich Armenians. The government expenses have become too great for the revenue. It never occurred to diminish those expenses. There is no party in Turkey committed to the economical administration of the government. Display is the life of royalty. The new palaces on the Bosphorus must be finished. Pashas, Beys, and the Grand Seignior's family must be supplied with dignities and emoluments. The Sultan's

mother must every now and then present her bereaved son with a new wife, the finest pearl of Circassian beauty. Chibouques all jewelled must glitter in the mouth of every diplomatist who seeks the Sultan. The finest barbs must prance, caparisoned in gems and gold, under the descendants of the Caliphs. The coffee-rooms of the Seraglio must tinkle with multiform fountains and music-boxes. The harem must shine in silk and glitter in gold. Hundreds of Nubian slaves, because they are the slaves of royalty, must not work, but play with their royal master, and pipe their girlish glee under the restraining eye of the Kïslar Aga, the pompous Chief Eunuch, with his gold sword and big key. The regal caique, with its 'four-and-twenty black-birds all in a row,' must dash its golden prow through the Bosphorus every Friday, to gratify the turbaned denizens. The state-processions must appear; and in the train the baltaghies, or cooks, even, must march with coffee-bearers and barbers, turban-bearers, bowstring-bearers, and sword-bearers. As well dispense with the Vizier as the Sultanic nail-cutter. The display must be complete and orientally magnificent. From whence comes the revenue for all this royal tom-foolery? Constantinople, where most of the wealth is invested, must go taxless; for is she not honored by the presence of the descendant of Mahomet? The poor provinces must be drained to their utmost without avail. The model-farms along Marmora, and the factories of silk, cotton, and woollen—these experiments furnish no means, unless to the foreign harpies—some of them Yankees, too—who thus squeeze the generous exchequer. What is to be done? The financial trouble transpires. Ah! Polite Monsieur Lavalette, minister of Napoleon III., hearing of the dilemma, tenders to the Turk a loan of two hundred millions piastres, or about eleven millions of dollars, to be raised by his master in Paris and London. It is hastily accepted. The loan is taken. But Russia, Austria, and even England have not been consulted. They show symptoms of disturbing the teter-tawter. The loan leaks out among the Mahometan masses. Murmurs arise. 'What!' says the old white-bearded Mufti, 'the descendant of Mahomet, of Sulieman the Magnificent, asks money of the infidel! For shame!' The melancholy eye of Abdul Mejid grows troubled. His passive face grows more sallow with care. The chief astrologer is sent for to declare the state of the stars. The old Saracenic pride flashes around him. 'Ha! the tidings have spread from Trebizond to Cairo, that I have become bonded to the Frank for the gold that keeps me in state. The successors of the Caliphs, at whose nod gold and gems appeared, as if by Aladdin's magic, is the debtor of the Giaour—the infidel, the dog. For shame!' Meek Abdul disavows the loan. Pashas send in plate to be coined. The jewels at the mint are pawned to the Armenians. Egypt sends her tribute of millions in advance. The emergency is met. Russia and Austria have regained the balance. But Monsieur Lavalette shrugs his shoulders, and threatens to go home to the 'Protector of the Holy Places,' in diplomatic dudgeon!

There is more strength for Turkey against Russia, in the army which 'plays soldiers' upon the Place de Mars in Paris, than in the fifty thousand soldiers that quarter upon the hills of Constantinople. There is little present danger from France, while Austria holds the Bocco di Cattaro, and while she has her fifty Lloyd steamers ploughing the Adriatic.

There is safety from France, England, and Austria, so long as the Russian army hovers like a cloud about the mouths of the Danube. The jealousy of each protracts the agony of Turkish dissolution. Diplomacy talks sweetly to the Porte from her palaces at Para, just as the Indian smears his victim with honey before he gives him to the torture of the wasps. With such sweet friends to care for Turkey her dissolution will be like that of the insect, 'enclosed unconsciously by the shutting flower!'

But while thus dissolving, new elements will enter into her body politic; and the Turkey of the twentieth century, while she may have lost her baggy trowsers and ample turban with her nationality, her intolerance with her religion, and her exclusiveness with her ignorance, may reveal new glories and resources under the auspices of western civilization. Progress is the universal law of our age, nay, of our being; and the Turk is no exception. He is himself a dilatory example of Progress!

'BENEATH this starry arch
Naught resteth, nor is still,
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will!
Move one, move all!
Hark to the foot-fall!
On! on! for ever!'

There is nothing in the personal character of the Sultan to overcome this tendency of the times in Turkey. His character rather favors the tendency. He is a man of excellent heart. His expression is that of a calm, almost indifferent spectator of human affairs. His eye has an Oriental dreaminess in it, but none of the fierce energy of his sire, who destroyed the Janizaries and began the reforms of the empire. His dress, when the writer saw him in the summer of 1851, was a plain cloak, fastened with a jewelled clasp. He wore the red fez-cap without rim, with blue tassels, common to every Turk. We mention his dress, because he has improved on the awkward bundling breeches of the last lustrum, and appears half Oriental and half European in his attire; foreshadowing, if Teufelsdröck's philosophy of clothes means any thing, the change going on in his nation. His apparent indifference of expression is a part of the etiquette of eastern regality. His tender solicitude for the future by the education of his son in French and in modern science; his protection to Kossuth at the risk of the Russian frown and the Austrian arms; a late bulletin, which signifies that he had consented to receive Abd-el-Kader as his guest, and not as a prisoner, and his choice of a liberal ministry, indicate that he is by no means so conservative but that he can engage the sympathies of the world while he strives to regenerate his crumbling empire. He leads the party of Young Turkey. We have a Young England, a Young Ireland, a Young America, and a Young Progressiveness every where. Where is the conservative such a *laudator temporis acti*, who will oppose young Turkey? Even in Turkey, a radical distinction in politics and society obtains. There is a party composed of long beards and large turbans, made up of Ulemats and Muftis; gentlemen whose precedent is always on file, who hold the Koran to be the end-all of human knowledge, and the be-all of human existence. The Past hath for them a peculiar gloaming of enchantment upon its horizon. Steam is to them the vapor of a hell-broth. The telegraph is the delusion of the Devil. Charmed by the glory of historic Islamism,

they tread their old and narrow circle of ideas. This party is led by the fierce old Admiral of Navarino, who will never forget at whose hands he received his disgrace. These conservatives hate the Christian as their grand-fathers did, praise the Prophet, cling to the bag-pants, revere the scimitar, and shudder with horror at the idea of abolishing the fez-cap, and replacing it with a hat or cap whose rim would prevent the forehead from touching the earth when in prayer to Mahomet. The fatalism so often charged to the Turk, belongs peculiarly to the Turkish conservative. It is his virtue, as it will be his ruin. He adores the Divine Will; and adoring, bows to its decree as inexorably fixed. With this faith, his ancestors conquered the world; with this faith his children will lose the fruits of the conquest. He has already fixed upon a white-haired race from the North as the conqueror of Turkey; and not more sure was the Greek of the decree of the mythic sisterhood than is the Turkish conservative of the fatality of the Russian sword. With the fatalist in Thalaba, he may say of his country, as he looks upon the scroll of her Future:

‘HER name is written there;
Her leaf hath withered on the tree of life.’

In fine, he is the Old Foggy of Orientalism. While he reveres the Sultan for his lineage, he cannot sympathize with him as a reformer. The Sultan has followed, though timidly, his father's vigorous courage in reform; he has English naval-officers to teach his sailors navigation and gunnery, and French tactics in his army. An American steamer cuts the Bosphorus. The Christian is tolerated. The missionary may labor at the very fountains of the mosques, and within the very cry of the Muezzim. While European capitals shut out the missionary and his divine service, or imprison the simple-hearted Madiai for reading the Bible; while European Christian kings hunt the refugee republican from hut to hovel, the magnanimous Sultan permits Armenian and Turkish Christians to read the Bible in their native tongue, and commends hospitality to shield the fugitive from the Christian blood-hounds. Already under these influences the capital, Constantinople, is showing signs of change. It is the decay of the old and the substitution of the new and vital elements of the age. As, when a fire ravages Constantinople, new and better houses are built, with European taste, upon wider streets; so the work of destruction and regeneration goes on throughout the empire. There is nothing in the political and social organism of the empire to prevent this result.

The time is far distant for the discussion of natural rights and popular sovereignty in Turkey. No newspapers, conventions, and legislatures disturb the deep Oriental repose. The Turk, in his family, is despotic, and he knows no other mode of government. Orientals never separate the idea of ruler and monarch, and invariably ascribe to fear or weakness all concessions to violence or clamor. When informed that in America the nation was governed without a king, it is said that an Oriental emperor laughed so immoderately that he died. If he had been told that the *people* here governed themselves, and if he could have entered our Congress, with its hubbub so un-Oriental, we cannot imagine the consequence to His Majesty.

Some twelve years ago, the Sultan, through his Vizier, Reschid Pasha,

yielded to the Armenians, Persians, Jews, and Christians, large political franchises: the right to sue, to give evidence, to worship freely, to hold property, and to enjoy almost every privilege which their turbaned neighbors enjoyed. This Constitution is not well executed, because the courts and mosques are filled with officers of ancient prejudices; but it is the law of the realm. It marks an era in Orientalism as plainly as *Magna Charta* and the *Petition of Right* do in English constitutionalism.

This law was a concession to the energy of the Orient, of which the Turk forms but a small part. Asia Minor is full of Arabs and Persians. The shores are lined and the isles are alive with Greeks; and that they are restless, the recent outbreaks in Montenegro indicate very clearly. They are the Yankees of the Orient, not only in their vessels and traffic, but in their curious questions and 'cute tricks. There are only about three millions of Turks in the empire. Some of the most considerable cities, as Bagdad and Smyrna, have but a handful of Turkish soldiers and officers. Out of seven hundred thousand people in Constantinople, about one half are Turks. This foreign admixture renders the work of government difficult. The nationality of the Arab, Armenian, Persian, Greek, and Jew, bound by no political principle to the State; the subdivision of the empire into Pashalties, each independent, and one at least—as that of Egypt—overshadowing the Porte itself; and the wild Arab tribes, which have no law, but are a law unto themselves, as free as the wind and as transient as their tents in the valley, and which are traditionally hostile to the Turk and jealous of his supremacy; all these causes are operating to destroy the Turkish nationality, if not the Turkish race.

Physical causes and western science are adjutants in the work. The steamer plies among the isles and along the shores of the Orient, entering Beyrout, Alexandria, Smyrna, and Constantinople, crowded with traders and travellers. The locomotive is about to invade the desert where the children of Israel wandered. It is no wild fancy to say, that it will drink water from the well of Jacob, and that its echo will reverberate among the caves of Mount Carmel. The exclusive repose of the Orient is retreating before the advance of travel. The English cockney leaves the purlieus of St. Paul to summer and shoot at crocodiles where Moses was found amid the flags in the ark of bulrushes. Miss Laura Lisper, of the Fifth-avenue of New-York, may be found upon a camel, sketching the 'dear delightful' pyramids. The smoke of a German meerschaum continually curls over the ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra. The man who had been to Cairo and Jerusalem used to be noted as a marvel. A menagerie did not excite more wonder in our inland towns. In our city drawing-rooms he was the cynosure of Beauty's eye. Favored pilgrim no longer. Now he has found his common level by the democracy of steam.

The commerce of the caravan, which carried the Koran and its religion throughout the Orient, will give way before the genius of steam. Trebizond and Aleppo, through which Europe has hitherto traded by caravan with Central Asia, will lose their consequence when England shall have fully opened her way to the interior by the steamers upon the Indus and Euphrates. The patient merchant of the East, the Howadji—the same merchant who traded and travelled in the same way, in Abraham's

era; who carries sulphur from Persia to China, porcelain from China to Greece; gold-stuffs from Greece to India; steel from India to Aleppo; glass from Aleppo to Yeman; and painted calicoes from Yeman to Ispahan, describing the Oriental round—will find his ancient trade diverted by steam into other channels, and divided between many hands. The glory of Tyre and Sidon will again visit the Orient. The waters ploughed by the pinnaces of Ulysses and the ships of the Argonaut, will flash phosphorescence under the fretting of western steamers.

These changes in Orientalism may be retarded by two social causes. The first is the domestic servitude of women in the East. This is the result of polygamy. So long as woman has no will and no desire but that of her corrupt and despotic lord, so long will she be corrupt, and corrupt both child and husband. A convention for the rights of woman in Turkey would be a sensible move. How much is it needed; but how distant, distant is the day of Turkish redemption! More truly for Asia than for Europe or America, did Ebenezer Elliot sing her mission:

‘For woman’s best is unbegun,
Her advent yet to come.’

The harem is the most inauspicious sign in the Oriental horoscope.

Secondly: The great bond of the present civilization and polity of Turkey is the Koran. It gives law to the civil power. Its chief priest—the Sheikh Islam—is the supreme judge of the civil law. It connects the sixty thousand square leagues of Turkish territory. It reaches into the recesses of inner Africa, where our missionary meets with the devotee bowing toward Mecca. It follows the African coast until it reaches Morocco, where it revives the traditionary glory of the Moor, whose children yet look across the sea to the shores of Spain, where the Alhambra once ruled the most refined people of the middle ages. It dashes with the Bedouin along the sands of the Red Sea. It exacts its tribute from the traveller who visits the Holy Sepulchre. In Bombay, even, it can yet raise a mob to defend Mahomet from an attack and a caricature by an English newspaper. It is a bond that cannot break immediately. Strand after strand of its texture must first give way. When that bond shall break, the empire must fall. Austria, in European Turkey; England, in the Indies; France, in Algiers; and Russia, in the Caucasus, will parcel the fragments. The Moslem stamini may still linger in Asia Minor, around Broussa, where Abd-el Kader has been banished, and where there are Mahometan spirits, like him, indomitable; ‘whom to chase is to chase the wind; whom to hold is to hold water in a sieve.’ Here the crescent may be unfurled and defended to the last, to go down finally, not before the cross, but the cupidity and superior science of the Christian!

Asia has been the theatre of European ambition since the peace which followed the exile of Bonaparte. But our limits forbid more than a general review and cursory glance at these European movements.

Austria has been pushing her trade, with her steamers, down the Danube and the Adriatic, with a view to her share in the expected partition of Turkey. The attention of the Porte has been repeatedly called to the schemes of Austrian emissaries in Croatia, Macedonia, Bosnia, and Servia. The Servians seem especially restless under Turkish rule. The

fifteen thousand skulls piled in a tower at Nisso is a terrible memorial of Turkish cruelty in the last Servian insurrection. The Servian traditions speak of a great Slavonic power which once held dominion in their land, and which they hope again may arise out of the ruins of Turkey.

But a change from Turkish to Austrian rule just now, while Austria is struggling in vain to contract a loan of fifty millions of dollars; while she is taking an account of her rich men in Lombardy to assist her in this financial extremity; while the experience of Hungary, so recent and fearful, is yet fresh in the memory, would be a poor exchange for Servia, and, indeed, for any of the provinces of Turkey. But that machinations are going on at present in many of the Pashalicks of Turkey adjacent to Austria, is very evident. A well-informed correspondent of the *New-York Tribune* refers to the recent difficulties in Montenegro, and after speaking of the independence of that province, and its acknowledgment by Russia; the mediation of Russia with the Porte, to protect Prince Daniel, who had assumed the Montenegrin government; the declination of the Sultan, and the march of Omer Pasha, the Sultan's general, to the rescue of the fort of Zabljak, which had been seized by the Prince, contains this significant paragraph: 'In the mean time, Omar, the Pasha of Skodra, has attacked the rioters of Montenegro, and recaptured Zabljak, with a loss of three hundred Turks; but, among the trophies of this victory, he finds that all the muskets have the Russian imperial stamps, while the balls of the cannon are marked as Austrian stores. The Austrian papers, though unable to deny that Zabljak is again in the possession of the Turks, yet aver that Omar, Pasha of Skodra, has been defeated; and at the same time, while Austrian troops are marched into Dalmatia, on the frontiers of Montenegro, the commander-in-chief of the Banat, Count Coronini, issues a proclamation prohibiting the Serb papers from taking the side of the insurgents. It is again the old double game of Austria! Yet the notion prevails in all the diplomatic circles that the East is in a few months to become the scene of important events. The actors are already designated—Prince Daniel, of Montenegro, has to rouse the Montenegrines and Bulgarians, and Abd-el-Kader the Arabs.' So that Austria is not idle in attempting to secure her part of the Turkish empire, if its dissolution be at hand.

France, enamored of Napoleon's eastern policy, has pursued, with heavy outlay, her Algerian conquests. For what end? Simply to hold Algeria as a colony? Algeria is the first grand step toward Egypt and the East. Tunis and Tripoli must soon yield. France loves glory almost as much as England does beef and America dollars. Not that France cares for the resources of the Nile, the pearl-fisheries of the Red Sea, or the bitumen of Syria: but to have thirty centuries look down upon her eagles from the pyramids; to be the protector of the Holy Sepulchre; and to have her patrol at the portal of Omar, and upon the heights of Calvary, and in the Garden of Gethsemane, would add a deeper dye to the Imperial purple, and furnish feuilletons for the Parisian press of startling attraction. Already has Napoleon assumed the title of Protector of the Holy Places. Rome is guarded by the Gaul. Why not Mount Zion, with its holy sepulchre and sacred associations? Not for the sentiments they inspire is this glory coveted by France, and demanded of the

Porte by the newly-made Emperor, but for the laudation of the Historic Muse! But when shall another Tasso sing of Louis Napoleon, the hero of the second of December, and of his drilled machines, as was once sung of the noble Godfrey and his gallant companions :

‘THE sacred armies and the godly knight
That the great sepulchre of CHRIST did free!’

When can the Christian world join with the bard in invoking blessings upon such a deliverer as Louis Napoleon, even though he should deliver the very sepulchre from the Turks? God deliver us from such sacred deliverers!

But from the influence of the Napoleonic name in the East, and the interchange of comity between France and the East, we opine that in the disruption of the Turkish empire, Egypt as well as Palestine would court, as they would receive, the sway of the martial French.

Russia, for a century past, has looked to the East for the establishment of her power. Her approaches by force and diplomacy are slow but certain. Her reverses are never recessions. We heard the other day of thirty thousand Russians repulsed with slaughter from Circassia—the Switzerland of the Orient. But this blow glances from the horny hide of the great ‘land-animal.’ If her arms fail, her intrigues do not. In the Afghan war of 1837, when the English suffered so severely at Cabul, and at the pass of Jugdulluc; when out of sixteen thousand and five hundred only one escaped to tell the tale of slaughter; when the Indias seemed slipping from the English grasp, where was the Russian? Quietly comforting Dost Mahmoud against the Shah Soojah, the English pretender to the Afghan throne; directing, by her engineers, the Persian forces against Herat; controlling Persia by diplomacy, and ever moving down, like some black storm-cloud, upon the Indian possessions of England. Her hope points to no distant day when her piquets, following her intrigues, shall move down from their present uncertain position between the Euxine and the Caspian, through Georgia and Persia, where Ararat looks toward the supposed site of Eden; until, checked by the French outposts in Syria, or the English armies upon the south-west, the contest between these ambitious powers shall become close and hot in those primeval scenes.

Her army hovers along the Danube. Her fleets whiten the Euxine. As we have seen, she is busy with Austria, in the Montenegrin affairs just transpiring. She has heretofore found an easy pass over the Balkan. And when, marching in her former path, she shall absorb Wallachia and Bulgaria, perhaps she may at length succeed in placing the double eagle where now floats the crescent upon the pinnacles of Stamboul! The eastern capital of the Cæsars may resound with the Russian artillery, announcing a master worthy of the Imperial name.

England, caring less for glory and more for gold, has carved and is yet carving out her share of the Orient. The most interesting chapter of modern history is the history of English India. The world, especially the English world, are but superficially acquainted with this chapter of history. The quaint bristling crowns which were seen by the world at the Crystal Palace, in the East India department—once worn by the princes of the Punjaub—lying upon an Indian cloth of gold, amidst

the trophies of English power, would form strange pages of that chapter. Follow the eye as it rapidly runs over the English tributary realms of the East. Begin amidst the diamond-valleys of Lahore, under the very shadow of the Himalayas, or upon the banks of the Sutlej, where the brave Sikhs lived, ruled, and yielded; from the levels of Sirhind, following the vale of Doab, eastward through populous Onde; still eastward with the flow of the Ganges, through the fertile provinces of Tirhoot and Pinnea, the swamps and thickets of Bengal; yet farther, to where Burmampooter sweeps from the untrodden layers of perpetual snow, until, joining the Ganges, it pours the mighty flood into the India Sea, emblematic of the mighty tribute of India to England. The last news informs us of the success of an English army in subduing Prome, a Burmese city. Burmah must be annexed, of course.* Following the peninsular coast, embracing Ceylon, and still sweeping around north-west, until you meet the many-mouthed Indus; thence with its branches through Sindh, a recent conquest, and you thus comprise an area with more than one hundred millions of people; and that area is still enlarging, eastward of Cabul and onward to Thibet. The power of England will soon grapple with the Russian in Persia and Tartary, while it sweeps from the Ottoman the land east of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. And is England content with this large share in possession and prospect? Cashmere, through its lord, Gholab Singh, has bound herself to Lord Hardinge to transmit a dozen fine shawls and shawl-goats, in acknowledgment of British supremacy. Having completely recovered from her Affghan reverses, which threatened her sway in India, and with the Indus as a base of operations, England can move her arms to the west, jingling the money-bag behind her native allies, while her Ellenboroughs, Pottingers, and Hardinges, smooth the path by dexterous diplomacy. Her latest messengers have borne dispatches through Thibet to Peking, for commerce with western China. Hindostan has thus become a massive wedge by which to open Central Asia for England. Her money and intrigues have smoothed the way and lubricated the wedge. Her East India Company and her arms, with Cyclopean blows, are driving the wedge home into the intertwisted fibres, tearing apart at once the exclusiveness of ages and the barriers of the Himalayas; and lo! three hundred and sixty millions of platter-faced, weather-beaten, and industrious Mongolians peep through the chasm to see the nineteenth century and buy English cottons!

To bear off the wealth of Asia to her little isle, Great Britain must have a short and easy transit. To take the two sides of the triangle made by the Arabian peninsula, when one side may answer as a 'short cut,' is not the Anglo-Saxon mode. She has already surveyed the Euphrates, and found the stream not only navigable, but a shorter route by some six hundred and eighty miles than can be had by connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by the Suez rail-road. Beside, this route is an exchange of sea for river-navigation. It will therefore be necessary for England to hold a large share of the Orient, if she does not get it by the partition of Turkey.

* Since penning the above, we perceive that a large tract, (equal to an ordinary European state,) lying between Prome and the sea-coast, has been seized as English territory, to pay a claim of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars

After this imperfect exhibit, may we not gently inquire, Whence comes that ungodly lust for annexation and dominion which the English papers charge upon the United States? Came they not rightfully by it on their mother's side? We are not of those who would arraign England for grasping India and opening Asia. There is higher law than the law international for that. But for our grave old mother to turn her back upon us for our hankering after Cuba, while she is ready to swallow the one third of the human race at one huge gulp, is sublimely farcical. Nay, there is something not so farcical either in the proceeding. Retribution will demand of England why her one million of acres in India blush every year with the poppy; whether its conversion into opium by the East India Company; its sale, in defiance of Chinese laws, in Chinese ports, to four millions of Chinese smokers, of whom four hundred thousand die yearly of its fatal effects; whether that trade, now in its zenith, 'commercially suicidal, politically inexpedient, nationally dangerous, internationally illegal, and wholly iniquitous and abominable,' is excusable because, by a profit of several hundred per cent., fifteen millions of dollars per annum is added to the Indian exchequer. Yet this trade of death and hell goes on making its forlorn victims; and the English parliament, in humane horror, remonstrates with Spain for dodging the slave-trade treaties, and the English papers lecture us about our national immorality. Tear-compelling crocodiles, unconscious of your open jaws and large incisors! The beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, and the other ladies of England, just now dropping tears by the bucket-full for Uncle Tom, and appealing to our ladies upon the iniquity of slavery, should rather march down to the India House, and with their handkerchiefs bedewed with tears of tenderest sympathy, beseech the merchant-princes to stop the sale of opium to four millions of crazed Coolies. God gives the intelligent and civilized *power*, not to prey upon the weaknesses of his creatures, but to elevate them in the scale of being, to rescue from eternal anarchy, stagnation, and despotism, the magnificent domains of the East. By the same right, America may unfurl the stripes and stars in the harbor of Jeddo, and open Japan to the world. By the same right, western powers may divide the Mahometan world, displace sterility with cultivation, ignorance with refinement, and rapine with protection, but not the converse. That right is supported by this reason: that no nation has aught independently of another; but that all is held in trust for the common weal of God's creatures. God has given Turkey the finest of climates; her Mesopotamian plains offering roads and currents as channels of trade; her Syrian mountains as coal-dépôts for steamers; the Mediterranean, as the lake of Europe; the Nile, with its rich alluvial deposits; the Euphrates and Red Sea, as the media of transit between the Indies and Europe; her Grecian isles, as the resorts of commercial millions—all in trust for his creatures, and for their best uses. If Turkey fails in her efforts to execute this trust, according to the requirements of this century, the conscience of the world will sanction its partition among powers having higher civilization. The giant tread of these powers shakes all the Orient. What can effeminate Abdul do to avert the impending disruption? What can the insect do when dead and entombed in the unyielding amber?

In conclusion: What part have we of America in the Orient? Amidst

all the movements of this restless world, never, till within this gold era, has any great power turned its eye to the lonely Pacific. Oceanica was looked-upon as a group of isles, where bread grew on trees, and clergymen were eaten by tattooed savages. Lands upon the lonely Pacific, that have lain for two score of centuries undisturbed by miners and untilled by husbandmen, seem to have been reserved by PROVIDENCE for the meeting-place of the Anglo-Saxon, on his eastern and western path of empire. These uttermost parts of the earth, under the golden spell, have become empires within the memory of the youngest. The world had hardly been dazzled by California discoveries, and the exodus of avarice had hardly begun thither, before, Australia, with her fifteen hundred miles of auriferous mountains, invited the enterprise and industry of Europe to her shores. Sydney and San Francisco now stretch out their hands across the Pacific, while the sails of traffic glide between. The dreams of Plato, Harrington, and Sir Thomas More are, or will be, more than realized; for there will be two great republics in the Pacific, having the same language and institutions, more powerful and glorious than their imaginary commonwealths. The destiny of the Orient will be influenced by these new-born nations. China already emigrates. Sydney and San Francisco receive ship-loads of Celestials. Eldorado opens to their eye and invites their industry. The over-populous and destitute provinces of Asia will be thinned by the attraction of gold. Seventeen thousand Chinese left Hong Kong, Macao, and Whampoa, in the first three months of the past year, and ten thousand left Canton in one fleet for San Francisco; and what is strange, *they seem to live under American laws as if born with us*. Some are returning. Their influence and example will react upon China. It is not by Russia, nor by England, that eastern China and Japan are to be affected. 'Francisco,' says an English reviewer, 'is nearly opposite the mouth of the Yangtse Keang, the artery of Central China, and the fair isles of the Pacific are convenient stepping-stones between the old and the new world. Another year, and the Sandwich group may be annexed to the Union: and how long will it be before the stars and stripes are planted upon the opposite coast of Asia?' The thirty millions of Japan await the key of the western Democrat to open their prison to the sun-light of social interchange. Gold will do for Japan what Commodore Perry cannot. The rail-road from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and the canal at the Isthmus of Panama, will make America the entrepôt of eastern wealth. The Pacific will become to modern civilization what the Mediterranean was to the ancient, and our rail-road will become to the world what the Roman highway was of old—the great artery of national aggrandizement and power. Our nation has increased six millions since the last census, and has annexed within a few years a territory nine times the size of France. Our independent sovereignties, under a limited federal head, give union and strength to our increased size; and no power but the ALMIGHTY can prevent the Democratic element of America from making its impress upon the Orient.

Thus, the prophecy of Isaiah is approaching fulfilment in the East; for there is already heard in the East a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of the nations. The Sclavonian, Caucasian, and Mongolian, have already

met in the Orient, upon the common theatre where their common ancestor was placed, and where the confusion of tongues began the work of separation. Who can say what strange fusion may one day take place amidst these primeval pathways? Who can say, when he thinks of what God has done for his favored land; of what an important part the Orient has played in the creation, dispersion, and redemption of the human family; and of how much happiness man, rightly developed, is capable, but that these hallowed spots and this glorious Orientalism may witness another transfiguration and a new creation, more beautiful than the dream of poetry, when man shall be refined of the dross which now encumbers his divine essence; and when the words of prophecy shall have new meaning when it says: 'I will make a *man* more precious than fine gold; even a *MAN* more precious than the gold of Ophir!'

T H E D E S O L A T I O N O F E D O M .

O'er the dark land of Edom, now desert and drear,
Once rose the proud palace and glittered the spear;
And Idumea in grandeur and glory looked down
On the nations around her as gems in her crown.
In the pride of her strength she renounced the Most High,
And deemed not that death and destruction were nigh:
But the whirlwind of vengeance sped o'er her in haste,
And the land of Idumea for ever lay waste!

She calls for her nobles, but none shall be there:
For ever and ever her wastes shall lie bare;
Wild beasts of the desert roam over her plain,
And the satyr shall cry to his fellow again:
Beneath her dark shadow the vulture shall rest;
The cormorant and bittern her ruins possess;
The owl of the desert shall seek there her mate,
And wild beasts of the island keep watch at her gate:
The Bedouin of the desert speeds by her in fear,
As he calls upon ALLAH and murmurs a prayer:
For the wandering Arab dwells not on the plain
Where the sentence of death and destruction remain:
The traveller lingers a moment in dread
Near the 'City of Silence' and land of the dead;
Then hastes him far onward with look of dismay,
Lest the night-cloud of vengeance should burst o'er his way.

Ah, Edom! thy day-star was shadowed in gloom
Ere yet it attained its full zenith at noon;
And thy sunshine of splendor shall henceforth illume
Neither house of the living nor home of the tomb;
The lines of confusion far o'er thee shall spread
Until ocean delivers its slumbering dead;
And a thick cloud of darkness thy covert remain
Until time shall roll back to its fountain again!

Binghamton, December, 1853.

A.D.A.

T O S P R I N G .

With what garlands shall we greet thee,
Youthful maiden, smiling Spring?
With what pæans haste to meet thee,
Making rock and river ring
With our welcoming?

Round thy locks e'en *now* are circled
Chaplets of the fairest flowers;
Ay, thou comest zoned and kirtled
With the bloom of southern bowers,
To embellish ours:

And thine own clear voice is trilling
Notes none other dare essay;
With their sweet cadenzas filling
Nature's ear — through all the day,
Ravished by the lay!

Softer glows the blue empyrean,
Flecked with clouds of fairer hue;
Nightly, as from draughts Lethæan,
Drinks green Earth the drowsy dew,
Sleeps, and wakes anew:

Wakes, and wears with each bright morning
Some new robe of bloom and grace:
Wood and mead with their adorning,
And the streams with lightsome pace,
Beauties interlace.

Ah, then, Spring-time, if we lavish
Gifts thy shining steps before,
E'en *thine own* gifts we must ravish —
Bloom and song — a richer store
Than earth's golden ore!

Nor alone are these thy treasures;
Others in thy hand thou hast;
Memories of forgotten pleasures,
Glimpses o'er the ocean vast
Of the dreamy Past:

Visions of the fairy islands
Besprent amid life's surging sea;
Of the proud and pillared highlands,
Of each low and tranquil lea,
Passed so merrily.

Thus to our fond retrospection
Seem the scenes of by-gone years;
Losing in *thy* sweet reflection
Every trace of childhood's tears,
Fleeting cares and fears.

And we muse till we are weary
 On that spring-time of our days,
 Till the present seemeth dreary,
 Mantled with a pensive haze,
 Dimming e'en *thy* rays.

Dreary — yes! for friends we cherished,
 And who welcomed thee of old —
 Ah, the sad thought! — they have perished!
 In Death's fast, relentless fold
 Is their slumber cold.

Flower and song thou dost awaken,
 Memories sweet of long ago;
 But the song by Death o'ertaken,
 And the flower by him laid low,
 Canst thou wake? — ah, no!

Yet with thine enchanting finger
 Touch the place of hallowed rest,
 And we there will love to linger,
 Bowing to the high behest
 Of our FATHER blest!

Jacksonville, Ill., April, 1853

F. B.

A STORY

ABOUT AN OLD GENTLEMAN AND A WOLF

'EXIT, pursued by a bear.'

SHAKESPEARE: WINTER'S TALE. ACT III: SCENE III

I AM about to relate a story concerning an old gentleman and a wolf, which I flatter myself will be found highly tragical and entertaining. It is the only story about a wolf that I know which is in any way connected with the fate of any old gentleman whatsoever, and I therefore am naturally not a little desirous that it should receive fair, or at least decent usage from all folks who have a taste for tragic literature. 'And pray, Sir, what do you mean by 'decent usage'?' says some excellent individual who has just sat down for the purpose of cultivating his intellect by reading the works of the best authors. I mean, dear Sir, that they who desire to gratify an elegant taste, and at the same time to foster a classical and Attic tone of sentiment by perusing my wolf-story, should do me the politeness of reading *all* of it carefully, and with suitable pauses for reflection. Some readers have a reprehensible habit of getting what they call the 'substance of the story;' that is to say, they skip all the reflections of the author, all his quotations, two-thirds of his dialogues, and four-fifths of his book; and then, having deciphered the bare plot, and been in at the catastrophe, falsely aver that they have read the tale. All such impatient persons are hereby warned off these pages. I want no going through my little romances on skates. I do n't write for folks

who habitually go heels-over-head. I write for strong-minded folks, and for folks who have a classical and Attic turn of mind, and are able to appreciate the writings of the ancients. To all others I say, in order to save them the trouble of skimming through this narrative to find the 'substance' of it, 'Gentlemen, the catastrophe of this little story is, that a worthy and intelligent old gentleman was eaten up by a wolf: the 'substance' of it is — alack! it hath no substance: the moral of it is, that all old gentlemen should be cautious about exposing themselves in countries where there are wolves.' There: I have frankly told you the substance and the catastrophe of my tale, and the moral to boot; pray, now be off to the next article, and leave me and my wiser patrons to pursue the even tenor of our way, without the torment of such uneasy company as you.

I tell the story precisely as I heard it one winter-evening about five years ago, in the kitchen of John Buck, a good and true farmer of one of the Middle States. I was at that time eighteen years old, and followed during that particular winter the laudable occupation of teaching school. In the course of my 'boarding-around' peregrinations, I had at this time got billeted on John Buck, and I can testify with gratitude that they lived in the solidest fashion there, and used me as if I had been a prince. I was a prince, it is true, and having come to voting age, am now a king; an American king, a republican sovereign; but like a good many other princes of my time, who diverted themselves by teaching district-school in the winter, my royal rations were too often sour short-cake and dried apple-pie, more fit for an ostrich than for an heir-apparent: and so the steaming steaks, the fragrant coffee, and the noble pies which adorned Mrs. Buck's table are to this day glorious in my memory.

On the certain winter-evening of which I spoke, I sat on one side of the spacious fire-place, with a closed book in my hand, which I had just been reading, and was contemplating the two family-groups which occupied opposite sides of the room. On one side, and not far from myself, sat the farmer, a hale, ruddy, large-framed man, reading the '*Weekly Bomb-Shell*,' a sweet and cheerful political newspaper, the organ of his party in the county. His wife, a quiet woman, sat beside the same table, sewing; while Aunt Baldwin and Grand-mother Buck, sitting in rocking-chairs, plied their knitting-needles and told stories of dreadful length, involving intricate genealogies, which are not to be made intelligible by me without a black-board. The farmer was a zealous politician, and occasionally broke out with some paragraphs of astounding purport from the columns of the '*Bomb-Shell*,' as thus:

'Ha! thunder, wife; just hear this! 'SPECIAL TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH TO THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FROM WASHINGTON.—*Senator Saxshooter, of Arkansas, has just published a letter on River and Harbor Improvements, addressed to the Hon. Mr. Twopistols, of Kentucky, saying, that unless Congress immediately appropriates two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of clearing the snags and alligators out of the Chickochoffee river, the inhabitants of Boknife county will secede, set up an independent government, and declare war. They have sent to St. Louis for a six-pounder and two tons of percussion caps.*' There! those chaps want to scare Congress, and if Congress is scared by them, it ought to be spanked. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for snaking the

alligators out of their creek! I could go there and pick 'em out of the mud with a pitch-fork. If I was President, I would make them swallow their two ton of percussion-caps. They're a queer nation out West.'

'Yes,' sighed Aunt Baldwin, 'they are a very peculiar kind of people. I am afraid that the Pope has got his eye on the West, and would like to have the Inquisition going there, if he could. But I trust and pray that he will fail in all his designs, as Dr. Jones said at the annual meeting of the American Board.'

'Ha! good!' the farmer again broke out; 'here is what Mr. Splinters, the editor of the *'Bomb-Shell'*, says about the Secretary of the Treasury: 'Beside the miserable incapacity and flagrant corruption of this venal tool of the Administration, there are other crimes laid to his charge, which, in our opinion, render him a fit subject for the action of the *High Court of Impeachment of the United States*.' But no matter what Mr. Splinters said about the poor Secretary; he wrote with a rattle-snake's fang, and it will do none of us any good to rehearse his congressional leaders.

On the other side of the blazing fire-place sat, first, Mag, a strapping two-fisted wench, chopping minced-meat in a wooden bowl. Not far distant sat John, a hired man, a drawling, pork-fed mortal, with his feet on the rounds of his flag-bottomed chair, smoking a pipe, and addressing his remarks on men and things, cattle, politics, saw-mills, and hog-feed, to every person in the room by turns; thus imparting his valuable experience and the results of his discriminating observation in a manner well calculated to 'react on the age.' Three boys sat on the broad hearth, with hatchet, hammer, knives, nails, sticks, and leather-straps, making a new-fangled quail-trap, supposed by them to be an invention of incalculable importance, and likely to revolutionize the whole science of catching quails in February. The first of these striplings was Dave Buck, a boy of thirteen, loud-voiced and brown-haired, one of the sort known as 'staving fellows.' The second was his brother Mat., somewhat younger. Joe Kedge, a neighbor's boy, completed the trio. Joe was a long-faced, mathematical genius, the master-architect of the new trap, which, under his skilful fingers, was gradually rising to pyramidal symmetry, curious to behold. Two children, twins, the one Will, an honest, courageous, open-eyed little fellow, and Nelly, a pretty and timid creature, stood by, watching the progress of Joe Kedge's trap with the intensest interest.

'Now, b-o-y-s,' said John, holding his pipe in his fingers, and scrutinizing the new snare with a skeptical eye, 'you won't ketch no quails in any such kind of a darned York trap as that, I can tell you. I've ketched quails in my time, and I reckon that I know quails about as well as the next man; and I just tell you once-t for all, that if you ketch the fust quail in that here trap, then I'm a lawyer.'

'W-a-a-ll, J-o-h-n,' replied Joe Kedge, imitating the drawl of the hired man, 'p'raps you could n't ketch a Connecticut q-u-a-i-l in it, but I guess we can coax a Y-o-r-k quail to get into it. York quails haven't been to school so long as Connecticut quails; they haven't had so many 'advantages,' and consequently do n't know so much about the steam-engine, and have n't got so much information generally. Guess a fellow might ketch a Y-o-r-k quail, Johnny.'

Dave Buck exploded at this, and so did Mat., and the two rolled over

on the floor, shrieking with laughter; but Joe was straightening a crooked shingle-nail on an old flat-iron, and did not move a muscle of his face.

'I would jest like to know, Joe Kedge, how you calc'late you can induce a quail to go inside of that there coop,' said John, a little tartly.

'Oh,' replied Joe, 'I would put some c-o-r-n and things on that there piece of shingle, and if that did n't in-d-e-u-ce the quail, I would tell his mother of him.'

Dave and Mat. shrieked again at this true specimen of boy's humor, and keeled over on the floor. John stuck his pipe into his mouth, and said, 'You are gettin' entirely too smart for your hide to hold you much longer, Mister Kedge; but I tell you that I know quails, and you can't ketch the fust quail in any such kind of a two-story trap as that.'

'Why can't we, John?—now I'd just like to know!' cried Dave Buck.

'Why!' said John; 'why—why, because it a'n't reas'nable.'

'Oh, you get out!' cried Dave.

'Why, John, I tell you that you can't keep quails out of it,' said Joe. 'I'll just tell you a little fact that happened down to our house last Saturday night, and then see what you will have to offer on the subject. I made just such a trap as this on Saturday afternoon, and when I got it done, father forked on it, and says he, 'Let this alone, young man, till Monday morning. I won't have you settin' traps on Saturday night, and fetchin' in a lot of live quails on the Lord's day.' So he took it down cellar, and put it under a tub, so that I could n't find it. Well, Sir, all that night we heard something peckin', peckin' down cellar, and no body in the house could guess what it was. But when we went down there in the morning, to see what was the fuss, we found a quail there, that had worn his bill off up to his wisdom-teeth, trying to make a hole in that tub, so as to get inside of it, and get caught in that there trap. No, Sir, you can't keep quails out of it. Mat., hand me that there awl.'

Dave and Mat. went into convulsions once more. John grinned, and said, 'I'm afeerd your funeral will be attended before you git of age, young man. But I say jest what I said all along, that you can't ketch any thing in that trap, or else I'm a lawyer. Jest remember now that I told you before-hand.'

'Oh, you get out, John!' cried Dave. 'You do n't know any thing. Here we put the corn, and here comes the quail. Now, how in Sam Hill do you suppose he is going to go by that there crib without stopping to fodder?—and then, you see, he's a gone sucker at once.'

'Wa-ll, you'll see—you'll see,' said John, blowing a cloud of smoke into the air, and stretching out his legs.

Little Will, who had been earnestly watching the operations of the trap-builders, heard with consternation the verdict of John on the merits of the new engine, and ran across the room to his mother, with his large, honest eyes starting from his head, and said:

'Mother! mother! John says that Joe Kedge's trap won't ketch no quails!'

'Hush, child! hush!' said the mother; 'your father is reading to us. Go and ask John to tell you and Nelly a story.' And in truth, Will had interrupted his father in the midst of one of Mr. Splinters's pungent commentaries on the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury: 'Another

proposition of this profligate and dastardly idiot is, to saddle the groaning millions of this broad Republic with an additional duty of one-and-a-half per cent. on cut-nails; a proposition which makes our blood boil with indignation:’ and so on. Mrs. Buck, innocent woman, could not see why Mr. Splinters should suffer so much anguish on account of the duty on cut-nails, but, like a model-wife, listened with due attention to whatever her husband was pleased to read for her illumination; while Grand-mother Buck and Aunt Baldwin continued to unravel tangled genealogies.

‘John,’ said little Will, returning to the tri-pod of the kitchen-oracle, will you please to tell Nelly and me a story?’

‘Oh, do tell us a story, good John Robbins,’ cried Nelly.

‘Well, little folks,’ said John, ‘I don’t care if I do. What shall it be about?’

‘Oh, tell us about Grand-father Robbins and the wolf!’ cried Will.

‘Oh, do, good John!’ Nelly said; ‘but it makes me so ’fraid!’

‘Well,’ said John, having filled his pipe, ‘I don’t care if I do tell you the story about Grand-father Robbins and the wolf. Let me get my pipe a-goin’ first, though. Mat., just light that pine sliver in the fire-place, and hand it to me. There, you Ingen, look out! you need n’t mind settin’ Mag’s hair on fire.’

‘Get out, you scamp!’ bawled Mag, as the urchin paused behind her chair with his little torch.

‘Marty,’ said Grand-mother Buck, ‘what are you doing?’

‘Noth’n’ — noth’n’ at all,’ said Mat.; ‘only helpin’ John light his pipe.’

‘Only settin’ me a-fire!’ cried Mag; ‘he ought to be licked. And I’ll do it, too, if he don’t behave himself.’

‘Martin,’ said the boy’s mother, ‘go away, and do n’t bother Margaret.’

‘Yes’m,’ Mat. said, and resumed his seat by the quail-trap.

‘Now, little folks,’ John said, ‘it seems that Margaret ain’t going to burn up just now, and so I’ll tell you the story. Fifty-three year ago, on the twenty-fourth day of last November, Grand-father Robbins came into Howlin’ Holler for to make a settlement. It was a new country then, and there was n’t a neighbor within three miles of him, and he was quite an old man, too. But he got a few taters and a chunk of pork, and reckoned he could make a live on’t till Spring, though it was a pooty small chance. There was wolves in the Holler — an unaccountable mess of ’em; and painters — the wust kind of painters. There was one of ’em killed a man in the Holler in the year 1799. There was a pedlar came along a good many years after that had farnin’, and he made some po’try about it. It went so:

‘Now listen, all ye lumber-men,
Both ye that have and have not sin,
And I will quickly you inform
How Jonas Brown a painter torn.

He went out to the hemlock woods;
His frock was made of checkered goods;
He had his provisions in a pail;
And there occurred this dreadful tale.’

‘There’s twenty-seven verses of it. I’ve got it in my chist up-stairs, and some time I’ll bring it down and read it to you. Squire Johnson

took it down to the Corners, and had it printed on sheets of paper, with edging all around the sides.

There was Ingens down to the Holler, too—great, big red Ingens, that skilped folks in the war, and carried on monstrous ugly when they was drunk.

‘John,’ said Will, ‘tell us what the Ingens used to say to Grand-father Robbins.’

‘Oh, John!’ cried Nelly, ‘do tell; but it makes me so ’fraid.’

‘Well,’ John said, ‘I do n’t justly remember the expressions Grand-father said they used, though I’ve heard him tell more’n a hundred times; but it was something like this: *‘Tommy wommy! whoop! whoop! cahoop!’*’

‘Oh—o—o! it makes me ’fraid!’ cried poor Nelly, hiding her face in her apron.

‘How big—when? John, did you ever see an Ingen?’ Will said.

‘Yes, a good many, and some time I’ll tell you about old Captain Wild-Turkey, the Chief of ’em; but now I’ll tell you how Grand-father encountered a pesky wolf one day, the first one he ever see. He went out into the woods one morning a-choppin’. Well, after he had chopped all day, it came on dusk; and while he was a-choppin’, all to once—t he ’spied a wolf comin’ toward him, and the wolf he ’spied Grand-father Robbins a-choppin’. So Grand-father he stopped choppin’, and the wolf he stopped comin’. Then the wolf he crooked up his back and heöwled, and then Grand-father he crooked up *his* back and heöwled. Grand-father he was skeert, and he reckoned that the wolf was skeert, and so they stood there quite a spell. The wolf he h-e-o-w-l-e-d at Grand-father Robbins, and Grand-father Robbins he h-e-o-w-l-e-d at the wolf!’

Here poor little Nelly, though she had heard twenty times before the legend of Grand-father Robbins and the wolf, was so terror-stricken at the dreadful peril of the good old man—her apprehensions being aided not a little perhaps by the tragic emphasis with which John uttered the fearful word h-e-o-w-l-e-d—that she ran away crying, and buried her face in her mother’s lap: but Will stood his ground bravely, though faltering slightly at first, and stared in the face of John with wide eyes and mouth half open.

‘I’d just have liked to been in Grand-father Robbins’s place about two minutes,’ said Dave, flourishing his hatchet; ‘I’d a-made that there wolf sing *Mear!* I’d a-cracked his snout with a chunk of wood till he would have thought day was breaking!’

‘No you would n’t, Dave Buck,’ said little Will, kindling with earnestness; ‘no you would n’t. You would n’t dared to did it. The wolf would have *swallowed* ye.’

‘A great many times that wolf would have swallowed *me!*’ cried Mat. ‘I’d have fixed him out so that his aunt would n’t have known him!’

‘About how long by the clock did Grand-father Robbins stand there *a-heöwlin’*, John?’ inquired Joe Kedge.

‘Well,’ said John, ‘he never could tell precisely how long. Folks’s idees about time differs. Some folks ha’ n’t no judgment about it at all, and others again have. Grand-father used to judge that he might have

stood there about five minutes; and then the wolf he turned around and slid one way, and Grand-father Robbins he turned around and slid the other way.'

'Is that the end of the story about Grand-father Robbins and the wolf?' said Joseph.

'Yes, that's the end of it,' John said.

'Got any more such?,' continued Joe.

'Not that I now recollect of,' said John, innocently.

'Well, then, John,' the youth proceeded, 'I guess you had better go up to bed. There's the school-master been harking.' (This he said lowering his voice, and speaking for the benefit only of the circle around him.) 'Who knows, John, but what he'll put it in the papers one of these days?'

T H E C A S T L E O F I N D O L E N C E .

BY CLAUDE HALCRO

I HAVE a castle for my indolence;
 A castle strong and fair,
 Embosomed in the languid air,
 With all things furnished which are rich and rare,
 And ever glorious in a calm magnificence.

It standeth by a blue, deep-sunken lake,
 Amid eternal hills,
 Whose fronts with joy the sun-light fills;
 Whose gently-sloping sides give to the rills
 Their lucid floods, which glide, nor murmuring music make.

There are no warders at its open gate,
 No watchmen on the walls;
 No menials shuffle through its halls,
 And in its court no hurried foot-step falls;
 Yet all the earth knows not such splendor or such state!

Down from the hill-tops comes there not a sound;
 No breeze disturbs the lake;
 And all things there conspire to make
 A quietude unbroken, for my sake;
 A calm, a holy solitude, deep and profound.

Alone the castle stands! Its columns rise
 Irregular and grand;
 And far above their forms expand
 To arch it o'er; and an ALMIGHTY hand
 Hath laid thereon for roof the sun-light and the skies.

And every room is wreathed in rich array
Of quivering curtains rare,
Which only agitate the air,
And, bending with their perfume, flowers fair
Faint round my mossy couch, and keep unending May.

Such is the castle of my indolence:
A forest old and green,
Beside the lake's unrippled sheen;
Eternal, voiceless, sun-lit hills between,
And ever glorious in a calm magnificence!

It is a dim, unbroken solitude:
The trees there make no sigh,
But silent lift them up on high
Into the silence of the tranquil sky,
Where no unwelcome winds nor trooping clouds intrude.

No fish leap up to ruffle that calm lake;
No fowl screams o'er the wave;
No insect wakes its buzzing stave:
All, all is peaceful as the dreamless grave!
And there a strong-hold hath my heart, and home doth make.

Thither can come no cold, corroding cares,
Nor yearning discontent;
No doubts, no fears, nor dread portent;
Nor gloomy phantoms which drear souls invent
To drive away their fleeting pleasures unawares.

There oft methinks all things were made for joy,
And all things fair and good:
All nature forms a brotherhood,
And weaves a lavish garland in the wood,
Wherewith to deck the man whose peace sad thoughts destroy.

At quickening morn I lay me on my bed,
While curling to the skies
The early incense doth arise —
Earth's grateful tribute unto the ALL-WISE —
And blessings there invoke upon my sinful head.

And as I thus — a poor and worthless clod,
A mote in endless space —
Turn toward the heavens a thankful face,
I see my MAKER's boundless love and grace
In all things; and my soul goes forth to meet its God.

At noon, when all the air is steeped in sun,
My wearied eye-lids close,
And I sink to a half repose,
Such as succeeds deep sleep; and o'er me strews
Some influence sweet bright flowers from mystic dream-land won.

Dreams mine of love for ever pure and chaste,
For ever young and true;
Of calm contentment ever new;
And dreams of dreams, descending like the dew,
Refreshing in my heart each desert wild and waste.

At twilight, when the universe is filled
With music still and clear,
Which but the inner man may hear,
And the deep, melting skies are drawing near,
And with rich melancholy all my mind is thrilled:

I lie and watch the light and darkness strive
In the uncertain field;
And ere the crimson warriors yield,
Strange mysteries with truth and love are sealed,
Which death of sting, and grave of dismal fears deprive.

'Tis then I feel 'tis not this fragile frame
Which flutters here below
Wherewith ends my existence. No!
I have come from above, and I must go
Back to the old abiding-place from whence I came.

Or why this ceaseless longing for the skies
As for the mortal goal —
This mounting upward of the soul,
Which I may some retard, but not control,
If I am clay, earth all, and naught beyond it lies?

Here while my body resteth I go forth
To join the spirit-throng,
And lift with them my voice in song.
I lose me hosts of keenest joy among,
And quite forget the dim, uncertain ways of earth.

The violet forsakes the skies; the bars
Of sun-light fade away;
Yet on my mossy couch I stay,
To mingle with the glorious while I may,
Until the trees with their long fingers touch the stars.

Still, still I linger: blissful 'tis to feel
That heaven is so near,
With Him we worship and revere;
That sorrow is a shadow, life a tear,
Earth but a morning walk to realms of endless weal.

I must no longer stay; but forth to plod
With toil's o'er-busy brood:
Yet will return in pensive mood
To join in Nature's blessed brotherhood,
And from my castle grand behold and praise my God.

M E M O R I E S .

BY A MISSIONARY.

PITTSBURGH — what was it in 1817? I am afraid my memory of that place is too vague to rely on. Yet it seems to me I ought to give what remains of the impression made by my sojourn of four or five days.

I dare say, half the gloominess of the place was in my own mind, for I felt as if I had got into the dark regions : every thing looked black, or at least dark-brown or slate-color. I had started out, you know — though you do n't know where *from* — with little self-reliance, to seek my fortune ; and where I had expected to meet a brother who knew how to scuffle with adversity, I found myself not yet within a thousand miles of him. A thousand miles to penetrate a strange, uninhabited, at least uncivilized region — my views of the country were not *singular*, whether true or not — and with very moderate means for its accomplishment. I do not remember that I was afraid of meeting Indians or other savages. Somehow, the rough, wild characters that used to be found on the Western rivers were more interesting to me than fearful. I had been familiar with quite as rough-hewn fellows at the East — the Delaware raft-men. It was the unknown *vast*, the 'dark profound,' looming in my troubled gaze into a scarcely modified infinity, that was fearful to me. And then it was November, the last of it, and murky clouds hung or seemed to hang over the place. If the sun shone out during our stay, it must have been at short intervals.

Take all this into consideration, then, in reading, for I wish not to misrepresent. And allowing all this, Pittsburgh was *not* a very inviting place for mere residence, however it might be for business or enterprise. It had prospered. How could it help it, in that commanding position, at the very head of the Ohio river, the Alleghany on one side and the Monongahela on the other, making it the necessary *dépôt* of commerce from below and produce from above? Here New-Orleans met for trade with not only Western Pennsylvania, but New-York and Virginia, whose respective water-craft might be seen at the same time, and almost at any time, lying at the landings, arriving and departing. Beside, coal and iron were the elements of its being ; the solid basis on which it stood. The 'swart artisan' had only to dig them from beneath his feet, or, better still, roll them from the mountain-side into the furnace, by the side of which stood the forge and the foundry, ready to convert them into articles of use and commerce. And there were *men* there : stout, hardy, industrious men, whose smutted faces were channelled by streams of honest sweat, and who kept the fires all a-glow. The moral aspect of Pittsburgh was well enough ; was beautiful to the patriot, and fair to the Christian. Industry and thrift were written in large *black* letters on every thing ; and churches and Christians and quiet Sabbaths told of influences from the Sun of Righteousness, which, even if the darkness of

Egypt seemed to rest on the outward appearance, shed light on the home and the heart. 'The children of Israel had light in their dwellings.'

But the furnaces, the forges, the foundries, the glass-works, the engine-manufactories, and every chimney of every house, sent up vast columns of black smoke, so thick and murky and threatening, that one could not help thinking of the doleful regions from which 'the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever.' The houses were made dingy, the side-walks sooty, the furniture covered with black dust; every thing you touched left its mark; the sun was obscured, and even the bright complexions of the beautiful females were affected by the all-pervading smut of coal-dust and coal-smoke. One might easily imagine (one who knows London as I do, only by description) that a little bit of that smoky city had been knocked off and set down, smoke, fog, and all, on the site of old Fort Pitt. What an improvement it would be, to make all the chimneys of the place eat their own reek!

I do not remember *any* building whose magnitude or architectural beauty attracted attention. Several streets, crossed by several others, in the immediate vicinity of the 'Diamond,' as the public-square was called, were pretty densely built with comfortable-looking but very plain and modest brick-houses; while at a short distance from the centre the houses were more sparse and more frequently of wood. All, however, were of a color, or nearly so, whatever the material or paint. Although the court-house was the first place at which I called, (to make inquiries,) my memory furnishes me nothing to say about it. I think it was an unpretending, common-looking, yet sufficiently commodious building. The landings on both sides of the town were in their natural state, the barges and keel-boats receiving and delivering their freight on the beach, which, if my memory is correct, was convenient enough for all purposes then required. The Monongahela seemed the principal mart. One of the lions of Pittsburgh at that day was Grant's Hill; which, of course, I was invited to visit, and *did*. But if no memorial of it remains save what I can give, its memory must — as I suppose much of its form and substance has already done — disappear from the face of the earth. I remember it only as the name of a famous hill; whether a hundred or a thousand feet high, memory saith not.

Pittsburgh in 1817 has its pleasant memories to me. The acquaintance we formed with the family who accompanied us in our down-river voyage, is one. They were friends of my brother, and soon became our friends. The intercourse with them and information derived from them were both cheering and useful. We at once became associated for the voyage, and shared our cares between us. So one dark cloud became a little less dense. My memory of that family, with whom I and mine were boxed up in a hen-coop for a month, floating together a thousand miles, will ever be among the interesting and agreeable, though after a very few months (except an interview or two within the first two or three years) that intercourse entirely ceased, and their whereabouts, nay, even their existence on earth, is for thirty years unknown.

My wife had, in her school-teaching days, become acquainted with an English family, whom she loved to remember, and who she learned had

removed to Pittsburgh. At her request I sought them out, and the consequence was, that the kind attention and hospitality of one of the eminent business-men of the place and his amiable wife made us forget for a portion of the time that we were 'strangers in a strange land.' At their cheerful fire-side, their bountiful table, their neat and tastefully furnished bed-chamber, we enjoyed not mere comfort, but luxury, such as *poor* travellers seldom enjoy, and which wealth alone cannot purchase. I know not what might have been their *rank* in the social gradations of English life; but if extensive information, amiable deportment, elegant manners, interesting conversation, and warm hospitality, characterize the upper ranks, then Benjamin Page and his lady belonged to one of the elevated. And more and better than all, the warm gushings of Christian love were mingled with the cheerful and hearty welcome with which we were entertained. Little recked we of the minor divisions of the Church of Christ which could have raised a sectarian barrier between us. We were *one*. Our parting, when we left them, was final, for this world: may our meeting be for eternity! Perhaps that meeting is not future for some of the parties. Perhaps the kind hearts of that day, when kindness was so sweetly consoling, have already, in a higher, purer home, had still holier intercourse with one of those who enjoyed it then; for *she* who was the occasion of that enjoyment — who was my better life — has long, long since left my side — whom then she blessed with her pure, heavenly love — to view and praise the Saviour, whom she loved still more, and whose spirit she breathed on earth. But if any of that family still dwell in our lower world, and this article should happen to fall under the eye, it may afford a moment's satisfaction to learn that to the survivor a third part of a century has not dimmed the memory of that bright spot in the gloomy journey, of which the *dim memories* are being called up to occupy an occasional hour of the present generation. It is 'a memory of the heart.'

T H E I M P O S S I B L E B E H E S T .

'NEVER see me more,' you say;
And, worse yet, 'Forget me!'
But pray how can I obey,
If fate will not let me?

Were primeval gloom, ESTELLE,
These charmed eyes to visit,
I should see you just as well
Without light as with it:

Nay, to heighten your surprise,
When you've grandly wondered,
See you just as well sans eyes
As with twenty hundred!

New-York.

CUPID, sooth, was fabled blind,
That the fair ideal
Pictured in the glowing mind
Might surpass the real.

As for that 'forget me'—ah!
Prithee don't renew it!
'Tis not in mandragora
To begin to do it:

Image of such witching grace,
Love's own photographing,
Lethe's self could ne'er efface,
Though one died of quaffing

A M B I T I O N .

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

SAY not I am ambitious, love; thou painest
 A heart that grief hath scarcely ceased to claim:
 Of all the phantoms of my youth, the vainest
 Hath been the empty hope of winning fame.
 Away with false ambition's show and glitter!
 Perish its lures! no more shall they beguile:
 The thorns are piercing and the blasts are bitter
 Where Fame stands pointing with her mocking smile.

True, in my earlier youth I was ambitious;
 True, my heart glowed with Fame's exultant fire;
 I thought the dreams that came to me delicious!
 Eager I sprang to find my soul's desire!
 Panting, I sought the steep high towering o'er me,
 Where flashed the temple to my longing eyes;
 Thinking to scatter all that lay before me —
 All that should check my pathway toward the skies.

Alas! alas! my heart's best, dearest treasure!
 How with intensest, wildest strength I strove!
 I trampled underneath the flowers of Pleasure!
 With bleeding feet I trod the path above!
 With bleeding hands I sought to hurl each side me
 The rocks, the cruel rocks that stood before:
 And still I vowed that nothing should divide me
 From the bright fane that flashed so proudly o'er.

The dream is flown! my soul's swift wings are broken!
 Up towers the steep; still shines the temple there;
 But on its summit frowns a cloud — the token
 That my worn heart its splendors must not share:
 Too steep the pathway, and too far the distance;
 Let others seek the fane with eager tread;
 I will enjoy the blossoms of existence,
 Such as Time yet hath left around me spread.

Why did I ever on those blossoms trample
 That God vouchsafed to strew within my way?
 All, all around were others whose example
 Might have sufficed my mounting step to stay.
 Why did I lift my sight to that proud portal
 Which, e'en if gained, can still no peace impart?
 Why did I try to win a name immortal,
 And falsely scorn the true joy of the heart?

That joy, affection — kindly sent by HEAVEN,
 Peace to the sorrowing, to the wounded balm,
 Star of the troubled — surely it is given
 To smooth life's billows into golden calm.

Peace to the sorrowing art thou to me, dearest!
 Balm to the wounded, in my long, long strife!
 Star of the troubled! love, when thou appearest,
 Sink into sleep the wild waves of my life.

In thy soft eyes are beams more bright than glory's;
 Joy the world gives not is upon thy breast;
 Thy presence sheds a glow more rich than story's,
 Though on my name should light for ever rest.
 Off with ambition! off with vain ambition!
 Here, my heart's darling! here true pleasure lies:
 Far happier he content with his condition,
 Love on the earth, and hope beyond the skies.

TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

BY FREDERICK L. VOLTE.

GENERAL JAIL-DELIVERY.

MOST of my readers learned in the law in Gotham will doubtless remember the advent among them of a young man who called himself Justin Tinker, and who for a short time figured as Counsellor-at-Law, Solicitor-in-Chancery, and Proctor-in-Admiralty. At least, so his shingle indicated. Now whether Justin ever had a case before I became acquainted with him was exceeding problematical. I know that he was always very busy; that is to say, he seemed so. He was dodging constantly in and out of the courts; looking anxiously at the court-calendars; always carrying in his hand a huge bundle of papers done up in law-form, if not in form of law; and he appeared to be constantly on the look-out, not only for his cases in expectancy, (for cases in reality I suspect he had none,) but for the cases he would subject his clients to, when he got any: gone cases they would undoubtedly be, if they should be so unfortunate as to get into his shop. Chisel and gouge were the principal tools with which he wrought. Perhaps I have drawn too largely on fancy to connect such instruments or tools with a lawyer's office, but shop is the word for Justin's locale, and chisel and gouge are the tools of a carpenter—Tinker I ought to have said. A soldering-iron, solder, rosin, and charcoal, are, I believe, the necessary constituents of a tinker's profession. He used all these, figuratively speaking, in the prosecution of his attempts at practice; but gouge and chisel came more natural to him, and when he got 'cases' he used these tools unsparingly; and hence I hope I may be pardoned for the lapsus linguae in using Carpenter instead of Tinker, for he literally boxed or made cases of his clients.

I cannot speak knowingly of the motive that impelled Justin's parents to give him the name he bore: whether it was in expectation of his being

'learned in the law,' or skilled in the nice distinctions of judgment to discriminate between 'strophes and anti-strophes,' is left only to conjecture. Justin might have been an appropriate name for him. Perhaps his father had a perspective view of the figure which stands on the cupola of the City-Hall, holding a balance, and likened his son ere he was 'called' to as prospective a position in the affairs of this world. But Justice is a feminine—our hero of the masculine gender; and Justice would n't do. What next? Justin came near enough to Justice, and Justin answered exactly—Just in—and Just in was the name.

My acquaintance with Tinker commenced with his first case—his virgin commission; and indeed, I might also say it was my virgin attempt to serve a writ. I had been vested with the power to 'comprehend vagrom men' but a short time when Justin issued his first writ, a *capias in trover*, damages laid at three hundred dollars, against Christian Aningsen, a Swedish sailor, at the suit of Julius Hofer, a Swiss apotheker and *Deutsche arzt*. Of course, the action being in *trover*, there was no necessity for an application to a judge for an order to hold to bail—the statutes made it peremptory for the Sheriff to hold to bail; and hence Justin had my simplicity at the end of his pen, when he laid the action in *trover*: I could do naught else than to obey my writ, and arrest the defendant; he knew it, as every tyro in the law did.

Well, I proceeded to the corner of Market and Monroe-streets, the house at which Aningsen boarded, and was lucky enough to find him at my first call; and when I communicated my business with him, he affected surprise, declared he had never 'converted or disposed' the property of any one to his own use, had never wronged a person in his life to his knowledge, and that there must be some mistake in the affair; and that if I persisted in the arrest, he would be damaged considerably, as he could not give the bail I required; and it would interfere with his arrangements sadly, as he had that morning engaged as second-mate of a Chinaman then almost ready for sea.

I answered him in as few words as I could, that if he could not give the bail required, he must go to prison, as that was the only alternative for those who in his situation were so unfortunate as not to be in circumstances of giving sureties, or had not the wherewithal of this world's goods to satisfy the cormorant demands of a rapacious plaintiff, or the gnawings of the appetite of a starving attorney.

To end the matter of Aningsen's case, I lodged him in jail; but how lodged he when he got there, this deponent saith not. I effected the lodgment, and he staid there in prison until by due course of law, upon a motion for his discharge, he was, by an order from the Court, released from custody and set at liberty.

I have often heard of the law's delays, and the tedious process to which one who indulges in the luxury of being a suitor is subjected, but in this matter Aningsen was very fortunate: the application for his discharge and his release from the jail was all effected within two days.

But, gracious me! I never dreamed of the many subterfuges some of the gentlemen learned in the law resort to for the purpose of showing exteriorly a good cause of action. Here was a matter which, upon reading the writ, exhibited a grave and serious aspect. *Trover*—conversion

or disposition of the property of another—a quasi criminal writ—not punishment sought for, to be inflicted or imposed upon the offending party, but damages—the value of the property converted or disposed—demanded from the party charged with the conversion.

I was curious enough to make inquiries as to the merits of the application for Aningsen's discharge from arrest upon a writ so summary in its operation as the process in question, and was startled, astonished, nay, astounded at the glaring audacity of Tinker in laying the cause of action in trover. It appeared from the affidavit of Aningsen, made in the motion to discharge him from arrest, that he, while at sea, in performing some duty, got one of his fingers badly hurt: the wound on the finger did not heal; and when the vessel came in port, he thought that with extra care and attention, and being relieved from heavy work, his finger would get all right. He doctored it himself for a little while, but there was no improvement; it appeared to be growing worse: in this dilemma the apothecary Julius Hofer, the plaintiff, from whom Aningsen procured his salves, plasters, et cetera, engaged to cure the stubborn wound within ten days for a stipulated sum of ten dollars; and in the event of his not effecting a complete cure within that time, he would not charge a penny for his care, trouble, medicine, lint, rags, salve, and plaster. Aningsen, deeming the engagement and the contract a good one, at once closed with the apothecary upon the terms, and submitted his finger to the magical (for so he looked upon him) wonder. Aningsen, however, reasoned with himself thus: that there might be humbug in Hofer's pretensions, yet he would have the advantage; for if the finger was made all right in the ten days, he would gladly pay the sum demanded; but if the cure was not made within the time, then, as no money was paid by him, he could not be the loser. Hofer dressed and attended the wound for four or five days, and the finger appeared to get worse; and though laboring under excruciating pain, Aningsen permitted him to attend to it until the ten days had elapsed and passed, and then, like a sensible man, (although bitten severely,) he consulted a surgeon of character, who amputated the digit, that being the only speedy, sure, and effective cure.

This then was the whole case of trover. And when Justin Tinker, Esq., who had been served with the papers on the motion for discharge, was asked by the Judge 'if he had any counter-affidavits to introduce,' replied that he could not controvert, and he supposed he would have to content himself with such disposition of the motion as his Honor thought proper.

Alas! poor Tinker: a sad ending, doubtless, to the blissful vision your imagination had conjured: heaps of money from the poor sailor arrested but three days prior to his going to sea. Your grasping desire for a first case was near to making a case of you. But for the kindness of heart of your antagonist, you would have been thrown clean over the bar.

For this defeat, Tinker always charged me with being the cause. 'If,' said he, 'you had brought the sailor to my office before you had thought of taking him to jail, I should have got a settlement out of him. But never mind,' continued he, addressing me threateningly, and in a passionate manner; 'I'll fix *you*, depend on it—see if I don't. I a'n't a

going to be bamboozled, humbugged, and exposed by any one. So look out for yourself. Within an ace of being tossed—thrown—and, dear me, not to know where I would have landed,' continued he, apostrophizingly, 'clean over! Look out!' and with his finger shaking, threatening all manner of infernal devices, he left me.

'Much obliged to you for the warning,' thought I. 'Almost over—look out for being clean over'—or shut up, my valiant '*slicer*.' 'Fix me'—ha! ha! ha!' and I thought it was a rich event in my life, when it was my good or evil fortune to be acquainted with Justin Tinker, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law, Solicitor-in-Chancery, and Proctor-in-Admiralty, etc., etc.

Tinker for a while seemed lost to the Sheriff's office. He had either shunned it altogether, or had modestly retired from the practice of the law, seeing, as he had so little success in his first case, that there was but trifling encouragement to one who had commenced so sharp, and who had been dealt with so bluntly.

My thoughts as to his absence from the Sheriff's office were speculative only. Tinker would not retire from a field where so many honors were to be won—a profession wherein he had indulged the hope of attaining its utmost height and enjoying its proudest honors. His was a spirit not to be dashed by such petty failures as the one just recited. No, no; boldly he continued his practice; but he was exceeding careful that the rough edges were concealed, and thus he avoided for a time the closest scrutiny of some of the cunning heads of the law.

I said that Justin *seemed* lost to the Sheriff's office; the *seemed* appeared a reality. For, as fate decreed, his speculations in the law were brought to a stand-still very suddenly. He and a client of his named Barnabas Steevy were sued in an action of trespass de bonis asportatis, for carrying away the goods belonging to a 'credulous country-gentleman' who hither came to dispose of his produce, consisting of pork, butter, and lard.

The writ against Justin Tinker, Esq., and his client, Mr. Barnabas Steevy, was duly issued and placed in my hands for service, and an order endorsed thereon to hold the defendants to bail, each in the sum of four hundred dollars. 'Ah, ha!' exclaimed I; 'caught at last, are you, Mr. Tinker? We'll see now whether you'll fix me, or I'll fix you. You bade me 'look out,' and I'm going to do it, and for you too; and I'll engage I will be successful—that is, if there be any keenness in my vision.'

But I little dreamed of the great difficulty I had to encounter in the search for this limb of the law. My writ was issued in an action commenced in the Supreme Court, and was returnable on the first Monday of May then next, allowing me about three months to effect an arrest. I found that I could with scarcely any trouble take Steevy, but my chief hope was to take Tinker, and to accomplish that, I was obliged to be very careful lest he should gain information of my desire.

Neither Tinker nor Steevy had the least suspicion that there was a writ against them in my hands. Steevy was an old customer of mine, he being an old patron to my office, and I saw him almost daily, and could take him easily and without the least trouble; but I wanted to take

Tinker first, and then all would be right; not so I thought, if Steevy was the first prisoner. I looked and sought for Tinker in vain. He was not at his office or shop; and then, when I called again, his office or shop was not where it was. First he was *non est*, and second and last, his office was no where. He was always 'just out,' and never 'just in.' I thought perhaps I might find him or meet with him in the street, as he was reduced to the condition of having no local habitation, but I was doomed to disappointment.

I found that after the expiration of two months or so from the time I received the writ, and Tinker not arrested, that I would have to change my tactics; and I came to the conclusion to make a bold stroke, which I immediately put into operation—and that was to arrest Steevy when I saw him in the street, without having the capias about me. This opportunity occurred very shortly afterward, when, meeting him, I accosted him and told him I wanted very particular and good bail for four hundred dollars.

'Bail for four hundred?' said he very coolly.

'Ay, bail for four hundred.'

'Where's the writ, Sheriff?'

'At the office,' I answered.

'Go with me to my attorney, will you?' asked he.

'Who is your attorney?' I inquired, affecting ignorance.

'Tinker, Justin Tinker; you know him very well, Sheriff—good! first-rate, a'n't he? Let me go for him; you a'n't afraid of my running away? I will come straight to the office with him.'

'No, Steevy,' I answered; 'here's my assistant, who will take a note to him if you desire it, but I can't permit *you* to go for him. And now, upon second-thought,' continued I, 'there must be something wrong; you say that Tinker is your attorney. Why, he has n't been in the city for some time, has he? If he is in the city, I have not seen him. You must be mistaken: there's doubt and mystery about this whole affair, which I don't like, and I think I'll have to put you up.'

'Oh, don't do that,' cried he imploringly. 'I know he is in town; I saw him yesterday, and am to meet him to-day, this very morning, at the Second Ward Hotel, at twelve o'clock; and if you feel disposed to wait with me till that hour, we will go there in company. Oh! do this for me,' cried he beseechingly; 'let me advise with him, and for Heaven's sake don't put me up!'

'Well, well, Steevy, I'll accommodate you,' said I carelessly, 'and do as you request. But are you sure Tinker will be there as you say? Don't deceive me, for my time is somewhat valuable this morning. Yet I can give a half hour or so to you, upon the certainty of your meeting with your counsel.'

'I am sure—positive he'll be there. I have very particular business with him, and I know he will not fail.'

'If that be so,' said I, 'I'll go with you at once.' I proceeded with my gudgeon, and with him entered the hotel where the meeting between them was to take place; but I had a lingering doubt that Justin Tinker would not come. We waited for a half hour or so, and I kept Steevy with me during the time so close, that he felt very much like to the con-

dition of a large bait on a hook in the hand of a practised angler, thrown after a forty-pound bass—now here, now reeled up, and then thrown there.

'Drink, Sheriff?' said he to me, walking up to the bar and inviting me to partake of liquor with him.

'No, I never do,' replied I.

'Take a segar then,' continued he.

'I do occasionally, and will smoke *now*, seeing you are so anxious that I should join you in some refreshment.'

The clock struck twelve, and my eye turned to the entrance-door of the hotel. The last stroke of the hour told upon time, and its sound, filling the ear and mind for an instant, then mingled with the noises of a busy world outside, and died away for ever. The door opened, and Tinker entered; he gazed anxiously around until his eyes met the form of his friend and client, and approaching him, inquired of him the cause of my being there.

Steevy informed him of his arrest, and of his not having seen the writ, and his ignorance at whose suit he was arrested, and upon what cause of action he was held. I expected a blast, and was not disappointed.

'Do you presume,' bullied forth he, addressing me, 'to arrest a gentleman without exhibiting your writ?'

'Yes,' I replied very coolly, 'I presume to do a great many things, but not without warrant. I presume in this case not only to arrest one gentleman, but two; and you, Mr. Tinker, are the second one. I am not compelled to show my writ in cases of arrest, and I beg to inform you that, after a vain and fruitless search of two months or so for a sight at your face, I shall now have the extreme felicity of putting you in a place where I can find you whenever I want to see you. You promised to 'fix me,' but I am inclined to the opinion that you are the party 'in a fix.'

He stormed and swore and threatened, but it was of no avail; he saw it, felt it, and turning to Steevy, said, 'See here: it's unavailable to try to get bail for me; look out for yourself; this man,' pointing to me, 'is obdurate as against me. I am, as he says, *fixed*, and will have to take up lodgings at the expense of the county; so take care of yourself, Steevy. For a long time,' continued he, lugubriously, 'I have avoided this arrest, and little did I dream that from this day I would be at the county's charge; but so it is: and as I am a quiet, order-loving citizen, I yield to the power of the law, and submit myself a prisoner-of-state.'

I escorted the twain to my office, and lodging Steevy in the custody of a keeper till I had deposited the learned and honest counsellor in the jail, to which his sharp practices entitled him to the enjoyment of a pre-emptive right, as its rightful tenant, I soon rejoined Steevy, who was overjoyed at the escape he made from being visited in prison. He gave satisfactory bail, and he left me rejoicing in the liberty vouchsafed to him for the present, and at the reversal in practice of the old fable that a good dog may be curtailed of his liberty if he is found in bad company.

Tinker became a county charge, but he did not remain long in that condition. His ingenuity was all alive; and what to me seemed a punishment and was so intended, was by his rare genius and active mind

turned into a matter of great pecuniary concern to him. He was at once, almost as soon as his induction to the jail, and as soon as his profession was known to the other prisoners, made and elected their advocate-general. Outside, his clients were few; inside, his clients were a dozen; and the system of plunder which he intended to put in practice upon this squad, filled his imagination with bright visions of a pocket-full of gold. He was not chargeable with the rent of an office while here; and why could he not—as he had clients at his call, and having the entire sweep of the corridor or hall of the jail, and a constant commerce with those who were there, and those who were daily taken there—open his office in the establishment? His dreams of success were realized. He was in full blast. His aim was first to possess himself of all the money the prisoners had. This accomplished, he had very little trouble thereafter to get them discharged either under the ‘State Insolvent Law,’ or what is commonly called the ‘fourteen-day act.’ By this proceeding he lost clients; still, he lost them only when they were not worth keeping. But the supply was kept up for a long time, and Tinker enjoyed the rare monopoly of a bevy of well-lined customers, which, like fine fish, were caught in his net only to be yielded up when they were completely scaled, or when the scales fell from their eyes. He had pursued this system for about a month or so, when a complaint against his operations was made by some ‘outside barbarian’ lawyers, that he was interfering with their chances of trade, and a representation made to me that his arrangements should be stopped by me. My answer to this was, that, ‘True, I was his custodian, yet I could not stay his proceedings. I could not discharge him, and for that happy event they must ‘wait a little longer.’

Amid the complaints—general as they appeared to me—against Tinker, made from time to time, was one from the jailer that ‘Tinker was raising the Devil among the prisoners; that before his appearance among them they could be kept in order; but now every thing went topsy-turvey, and he couldn’t have any peace: all his orders were disobeyed, and he laughed at; and he could n’t stand it, and he would n’t; and for his security of peace and quiet, he told the prisoners he would be obliged to lock them up in separate cells. And what do you think, Mr. Sheriff, was Tinker’s reply to this? Why, he told me—yes, he told me that that was just the thing he wanted; he wanted a little rest, and wished quietness for a day or two, and he bade me do as I threatened.’

‘Incorrigible rascal!’ said I.

‘But I did n’t do it, because that would be punishing them for his acts.’

‘Why do n’t you lock him up then, instead?’ I inquired.

‘I threatened to do that,’ he answered, ‘and the prisoners remonstrated, and said I was denying them the benefit of counsel.’

‘You are in a bad strait,’ said I; ‘but I suppose you will have to wait for relief from some other hand than mine. How long has this fellow been in jail?’

‘Nine months, Sir.’

‘There ought to be a ‘jail-delivery’ very soon, then,’ I observed. ‘Be patient, Mr. Thorne,’ I continued, addressing that worthy; ‘time works

wonders; and I hope, for your sake as well as mine, that we will be rid of him very shortly.'

I was not mistaken in my conjecture that Tinker would be released from custody. The attorney in the suit in which he was arrested, finding that all his hopes failed of getting a settlement with him, and being pressed in connection therewith by the many prayers of some of his younger brother lawyers to release Justin, he consented to an order for his discharge from prison. Mr. Thorne, the jailer, waited upon me immediately after he had received the order directing the discharge, and with a sad and sorrowful look, misery depicted in his countenance, said, addressing me, 'It's no use: he won't go.'

'What's of no use? Who won't go?' I asked.

'Tinker won't go out, Sir. He says that he never did so well: he has a nice office, comfortable quarters, plenty of clients, a growing and constantly-accumulating business, a new client every day or so, and he won't go out, and he won't leave the jail.'

This was a new feature, thought I. 'He will not leave, eh? is that so, Mr. Thorne?'

'It is, Sir,' said he dolefully.

'Well, we'll see,' said I, a little pettishly perhaps; and I thought it was a rare thing indeed, if a sheriff could not exercise absolute dominion over the county-jail; and with this opinion I determined to proceed to the jail and exorcise this fiend from my domain forthwith, notwithstanding his avowed determination not to be ousted. I arrived at the prison, and, accompanied by the jailer and the turnkey, looked around among the prisoners for Tinker. I could not designate him among the lot, and I was obliged to call on the jailer to show him to me, which he did, but without whose assistance it would have been next to an impossibility. I had not seen Justin since the day 'I put him up,' and he had during that time done so prosperous a business, he had waxed fat and become a very good-looking fellow. His complexion, by reason of his long confinement, had become clear; he had allowed his beard, whiskers, and moustaches to grow, and altogether I was astonished at his good appearance. No wonder I did not recognize him at first. 'Tinker,' said I, calling to him, 'you are discharged from custody, and you must take your leave at once. I understand from the jailer you refuse to go: is it so?'

'I don't see why I should,' replied he, with vast assurance. 'I am very well contented here. I've had plenty of business since I have been an inmate of this establishment; I am never at a loss for clients, and why my business is sought to be broken up, I can't imagine. If you eject me, it shall be a forcible ejectment, and then I will,' continued he, 'sue you in trespass, or trespass on the case.'

'Case!' replied I; 'still at case-making, eh?'

'Case!' thundered he, 'yes, 'case'—I'll make a 'case' of you.'

'Come, none of your threats;' and I took him by the arm, aided by the jailer and the turnkey, and showed him the outside of the jail.

His trespass on the 'case' and forcible ejectment against me never eventuated. I have not seen him for years; but it was the first and only event of the kind in my experience that a man once in jail desired to be kept in. But to him a reasonable, ay, a very reasonable conclusion ex-

hibited itself, inasmuch as he fared better 'just in' than 'just out.' I have always congratulated myself in having contributed to the disappearance of Justin Tinker, Esq.; being satisfied in a double enjoyment—one in having rid the profession of a nuisance in the way of mal-practice, and the other (of more consequence) in having rendered a service to those who follow after me, and who, like myself, may be engaged in the public service.

R H A P S O D Y .

AN ATTEMPT AT A NEW METRE.

Boughs of the willow-tree o'er me are bending and swaying;
 Waves of the river beneath me are sporting and playing;
 Waves of the stream in the darkness are dipping and dancing;
 Waves of the stream in the moon-light are gleaming and glancing,
 Striking the stones at my feet with a silvery ringing,
 Tuning their voices to chime with the crickets' shrill singing:
 Washing and splashing, they dart down the river's dark edges,
 Dashing and flashing, now in and now out of the sedges.
 Shadows of night, by the moon-beams brought into being,
 O'er the green-sward beside me are flitting and fleeing;
 Slowly at times through the darkness are silently stealing,
 Wildly again to the river-side rapidly reeling.
 Breezes of night, in the boughs of the willow-tree blowing,
 Solemnly, sweetly, not sadly, are sighing and sighing.
 Sentinel-stars from behind the barrier-hills are creeping;
 Over them all her watch the pale moon is keeping,
 Ruling the tides of the ocean, their ebbing and flowing—
 Ruling the tides of my bosom, their coming and going.

Bright is your glance in the moon-light, O clear-running water!
 Brighter the smile of my MARY, the miller's fair daughter.
 Flashing so fastly, your waves to the moon-beams are leaping;
 Quicker the change o'er her cheek, as she dreams in her sleeping.
 Liquidly roll they, as lightly as steps of a fairy;
 Like, but more liquid, the sweet summer laugh of my MARY.
 Deeply your waters, O Spring! through the green turf are welling,
 Clearly and deep in their bed of bright pebbles are swelling:
 Eye of the earth art thou, 'neath the black brows of the billow;
 Deeper the eye of my love, as she dreams on her pillow.
 Dark are the rushes which hang where your still water creepeth;
 Darker the lashes which lie on her cheek as she sleepeth.
 Soft, O ye winds! in the ear of Night is your sighing;
 Sweet are the voices of Night, to your whispers replying:
 Softer and sweeter the voice of my MARY, and dearer—
 Softest and sweetest when I am the only hearer.

Moon-light, and star-light, and night-wind, and clear-running water—
 Fairer than all is my MARY, the miller's young daughter!

New-York.

EDWARD WILLETT.

T H E L O T O S - E A T E R S .

CALM is the life of the mystic band
 In the golden realms of their fairy-land;
 Slowly they move in their spirit trance,
 And strange is the gleam of their bright eyes' glance;
 Silent, impassive, they glide by slow,
 With step as soft as the falling snow.
 Soft gleams the sun through the misty air,
 And calm he sinks at the close of day;
 Sweet is the touch of the breezes fair,
 And gentle is the change of the night's decay.

Peaceful gleams the lotos-land,
 Where the white sea-surf beats the dark sea-sand;
 Where the liquid waters murmur low,
 Winding o'er pebbly beds below.
 There blooms in the sunshine clear and calm,
 The magic bud of the lotos-palm,
 Whose rustlings sigh to the sad wind's ears
 The tale of its life through its changing years;
 Never ceasing, ever sighing,
 In its own sad music dying.

Faintly sound in the haunted air
 The notes of the wood-sprites' earnest prayer;
 Sweet they sing in a fairy-voice,
 While the sighing breeze,
 And the bending trees,
 And the gently-flowing streams rejoice.

'Come,' they sing, 'to our dreamless home,
 Where the bright-eyed lotos-eaters roam;
 Here glide the waters slow
 From their native hills of snow;
 And they mimic the roaring waves of ocean,
 As they gurgling wind with a wavy motion.
 Richest here are the lotos-palms,
 And darkest the shade of their out-stretched arms.
 Come and taste of the lotos-palm;
 Come and taste of the spirit's calm,
 That soothes to rest each weary heart,
 And bids the shadows of grief depart.
 Sweet is the bliss of the dream-led band;
 Sweet are the joys of our favored land:
 Human passions are not here,
 Love nor hate, nor hope nor fear.'

Sweet is the lotos-eater's life,
 Though far he be from his home and wife.
 He himself has cut all the ties that bound him;
 He is dead to those who were once around him;
 And if the surges of memory roll
 Through the Lethæan tides that sweep his soul,
 He lives and walks in a trance-like sleep,
 And he hears strange voices call from the deep;
 And he feels sad thoughts neath the mourning trees;
 And he hears strange words in the sighing breeze.

Soft and unformed are the tales they tell,
Like the murmured notes of the sad sea-shell,
Which ever sighs for its ocean-caves,
And the mellow roar of its ocean's waves.

If again he sees his boyhood's home,
Though far away o'er the ocean-foam,
He looks, with a calm and passionless dread,
On the resting-place of his kindred dead:
He marks once more each once-loved spot,
And wonders half at his altered lot.
But naught can quicken the rose when dead,
Or touch the life whose soul has fled:
So the aimless sport of the billowy sea
Shall the lotos-eater's emblem be.

Evermore, evermore,
By that silent, haunted shore,
Shall the lotos-eater stand
By the surf-besprinkled strand.
Smoothly his life shall glide along,
Like the wondrous strains of a fairy-song:
Human words are left behind,
And he heeds but the words of the changing wind.
As he views the sun set bright in the west,
Then, ere he turns to his wonted rest,
Softly he sings through the dark-ning air,
'The other lands of earth are fair;
But evermore
Will we dwell on the lotos shore.'

CREDIA.

D A N I E L W E B S T E R .

BY HON. THOMAS J. PATTERSON.

Of all the nations, what one can claim so exalted a birth as our own? What a ray of pure celestial light is shed around its origin, seeming the reflection of that which shone on the plains of Bethlehem! Where the prophetic vision, the spirit of self-denial, the patient endurance, the far-reaching intelligence, the lofty patriotism and unbending virtue, to equal that exhibited first by the Pilgrims, then by our Revolutionary fathers, who, when hope seemed deserting them and darkness gloomed upon their pathway, went forth undaunted upon their destined mission through a passage of fire? Calm, grand, and sublime, they trod the waters of earthly strife, full of that expansive faith which, if no other deliverance had reached them, would have opened out for them a passage through the Red Sea, across the wilderness, over Jordan to that inheritance of liberty that was given unto them to possess. Their bright example rose, an illumination of glory that will shine with increasing brilliancy through the accumulating dusk of ages, lighting up the dark places of the earth;

in view of which, and the fruits of its reflections, the down-trodden and oppressed of all nations through succeeding ages will take hope again. It rises, the serpent in the wilderness, high and lifted up, unto which the nation in its darkest hours has only to look, imitate, and live. England, our once cruel, exacting and oppressive, but now proud and doting mother, little thought, when driving the colonies to rebellion, that they would spring so soon, united, undaunted, and full-armed, to the fray; defying her giant power, striking off the chains which she had forged for them, and at the same time declaring themselves for ever free: presenting a spectacle of heroism and moral grandeur in the fiery trials through which they passed, destined in its influence to confer inestimable blessings, that shall tell for good on the nation's as well as the world's great future, rather than part with which, the true descendants and kindred spirits of this and every other generation of that heroic race would encounter the perils of a hundred Revolutions.

Of all the distinguished actors in that great drama—an immortal ancestry of which we may well be proud—not one remains. Each, at the appointed time when their labors of patriotism were over, full of years and honors, 'rested from their labors, and their works do follow them.' They are now numbered with the mighty dead. And those too who inherited their fallen mantle, 'joined the innumerable caravan that moved to the pale realm of shade.' Of the most distinguished of their immediate descendants, that knew them best, and comprehended their great actions, and that have done most to present to our view the fiery trials through which they passed, drawing aside the curtain and unveiling them to us in the freshness of life, that we might see them in their robes of immortal dignity, and 'know them as they were known,' not one remains. But yesterday the most gifted and the mightiest of that consecrated band passed beyond the boundaries of time.

DANIEL WEBSTER, a child of the Revolution, the great statesman, the mighty instrument in forming and defending the institutions of the American Republic; possessing a comprehensive mind and grasp of intellect that has no parallel among the present generation of men, is no more. In his death the country has met with an irreparable loss. He had passed through the golden age of the Republic, and was the intellectual glory of it. No man, living or dead, was ever a more perfect master of the English language. He occupied the same position in the world of prose as Shakspeare in that of poetry. His greatest intellectual triumphs were obtained in the forum and on the arena of senatorial debate. His orations at Plymouth Rock, laying the corner-stone of Bunker-Hill Monument, and his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, have never been surpassed. In the late Greek Revolution, the thunders of his eloquence, with that of his great compatriot, Clay, shot in trumpet-tones across the broad and deep Atlantic, seeming that of Demosthenes, awakened and invigorated from the slumber of ages: at its echoings the spirit of Leonidas revived, and those down-trodden children of oppression sprung full-armed to the fray, wrapping Morea's hills once again in fire. When the dark cloud of nullification hung over the land, with its thunders, its lightnings and tempest, lashing the angry billows into fury, with a sovereign State in arms, threatening a disruption of the Union, in view of which stout hearts fal-

tered and strong arms trembled, Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay, as if commissioned from on high to guard the Union, mounted the whirlwind and controlled the storm; saying to the angry tempest, 'Peace, be still!' sending the States once more, under a common convoy, down the stream of time, upon untroubled waters, bearing aloft and waving gallantly in every wind under heaven, the ensigns of the Republic, the star-spangled banner, with no star extinguished, nor a single stripe effaced. More recently, the agitation of the slavery-question, awakening the jealousy of the South, was rocking the Union to such a degree that patriotic and intelligent minds regarded its stability again in danger; when Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay, the two great champions of liberty, believing that upon the preservation of the Constitution and the perpetuity of the Union depended the realization of all our fond hopes; that they were the tree of life whose extended branches bore the only fruit capable of perpetuating freedom, healing and enfranchising the nations; guarded it with their eloquence as with a two-edged sword that cleaved the four winds of heaven, standing as firm as the everlasting mountains in its defence, whose adamant foundations meet and roll back the advancing waves. But Mr. Webster's impromptu reply to Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, in the great debate upon the Foote Resolutions in the winter of 1830, in the American Senate, which involved the principles of nullification, exhibited more than any single effort the majesty of his mighty, comprehensive, and resistless powers of mind. Mr. Hayne, the great Carolinian had made a masterly, and what was regarded an unanswerable speech of great power and eloquence, assailing Massachusetts, New-England, the North, and Northern patriotism, occupying near two days, and which closed the session of the Senate on the last day he spoke. Who was to answer the great Senator? Northern patriotism had been assailed by a mighty hand, and Northern pride and honor wounded in a tender spot. Who was to defend it? It was openly declared that no one was equal to the task. Mr. Webster was observed, when Mr. Hayne was speaking, taking notes, (he had been called upon by Northern members to reply to Mr. Hayne in the same debate a few days previous, and had done so,) and all eyes were turned to him as the champion of the North. He was engaged at the same time in arguing an important case before the Supreme Court, and found it difficult to remain in the Senate while Mr. Hayne was speaking. A single night only was left him to prepare for reply, through which he says he slept soundly. The Senate convened the next day; the surrounding galleries, the stair-ways, and every passage, nook, and corner, was filled to overflowing. Much of the beauty and intellect of the land was there. Officers of the Navy and Army in uniform, Foreign Ambassadors, Members of the other House, (which was nearly deserted,) venerable matrons, and ladies with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, gorgeous robes, nodding plumes and gay bonnets, adorned the galleries and mingled on the floor with grave Senators, imparting elegance and beauty to the scene. Mr. Webster rose in his place in the midst of the imposing scene; and surrounded by that brilliant throng, with every eye gazing upon him, he commenced a reply in a low and subdued tone, which appeared like the muttering of distant thunder. The eloquent exordium fixed the attention of every one. As he proceeded, he warmed

with his subject; his form dilated; his gestures were majestic, adding double force to every sentence. When, in reply to Mr. Hayne, who, in reference to the defeat of Mr. Adams, and his connection with Mr. Clay, asked if it was the 'ghost of the coalition, the murdered coalition, which, like Banquo's, rose and haunted him;' he gave the correct reading of Shakspeare, and said the allusion was unworthy of the Senator; no man of common information believed a syllable of the charge; that it had no application in this case; 'that it was not the friends, but the enemies of Banquo, at whose bidding the spirit would not down.' 'It was at those who began with caresses and ended with foul and treacherous murder, that the gory locks were shaken.' Even-handed justice commended the poisoned chalice to their lips. He became excited; his countenance brightened; a ray of intellectual light played around it; his eyes flashed fire. The audience caught the inspiration, and every nerve was strung to the utmost tension. The stillness of death prevailed in the Senate-chamber, broken only by those gasping for breath at the close of some of his magnificent and thrilling sentences, which fell with the force of deep-mouthed thunder upon the astonished ear — sometimes in a vein of sarcasm as cutting as a two-edged sword, then in a train of argument that was convincing, uttered in the loftiest strain of eloquence, carrying with it the painful reflection that there was death to his adversary in every blow. When, in a manner more subdued, with his bosom still heaving as if inspired with intense thought, he appeared the image of stern majesty, with his eyes rolling back in their sockets, as if surveying with his mental vision the whole field of knowledge, from whence he drew arguments which fell at first from his lips like the low murmuring of distant, troubled waters, swelling in volume as he proceeded, like the majestic gathering roar of the advancing flood; with his noble form rising and bending forward, his eyes fixed and flashing fire as he gazed intensely upon his adversary; with his arm uplifted as if grasping every argument, then hurling them with the force of a thunderbolt against, and subverting with them every position assumed by Mr. Hayne. It was a war of the giants, where mind grapples with mind in the noblest of all conflicts, the intellectual fight. Every step seemed the tread of an elephant. Mr. Hayne had spread a drag-net over the land, gathering false accusations against the North in 'musty pamphlets, abolition lectures,' and every form of scurrility, which were scattered to the wind in the light of truthful history. When Mr. Webster spoke of the sacrifices, the devotion, the patriotism, and mutual confidence existing between Massachusetts and Carolina, when, side by side in the struggle for independence, Washington rested his great arm upon them; and took counsel from them; lamenting that petty jealousies and local prejudices should mar that good understanding, he said of Carolina, 'I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names; I claim them for countrymen, one and all: the Lawrences, the Rutledges, the Pinkneys, the Sumpters and Marions — Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism are capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.' 'In their day and generation they served and honored the country, the whole country.' Sooner than detract one iota from their just renown, he would rather his

arm should fall palsied at his side, and his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth. 'I shall enter,' he said, 'upon no encomium upon Massachusetts. There she is : she needs none. There she is : behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history : the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker-Hill, and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingling with the soil of every State from Maine to Georgia, and there they will remain for ever. And, Sir, where American liberty first raised its voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it ; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at it ; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end beside the cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gathered around it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, on the very spot of its origin.' At the revelation of this sublime conception, patriot bosoms rose and fell, and strong men wept like children.

Every argument of Mr. Hayne was made to roll back upon him with all the resistless force of a numerous, badly-defeated, and frightened advance-guard, upon the main body of the army. Every out-work had fallen before an intellectual battery more potent than the eloquence of Demosthenes, which Philip of Macedon declared more powerful than machines of war and battering-rams, that he with the united armies of Greece could not resist. And the American Hercules advanced upon the lofty and well-proportioned temple reared with care by Mr. Hayne, and with the arm of a Samson hurled its ponderous pillars from their firm foundation, and they fell promiscuously around him, bringing down the mighty fabric which cost years of toil to rear, and which crumbled, like the walls of Jericho, with a crash, burying beneath the ruins the ideal creations of the noble architect :

'The engineer that places the last stone in his sea-built tower,
That cost him years and years of toil to rear ;
Smiling upon it, bade the winds and the waves to roar and whistle now —
So in a night beheld the tempest sporting in its place' —

stood aghast, as Mr. Hayne and his friends did at the entire overthrow of their cherished theory.

The victory was perfect. At the close of the magnificent peroration, those who had been enchained for hours by an eloquence as resistless as the voice of blood, were still held spell-bound, as if in rapt contemplation of some heavenly vision, with tearful eyes, and bosoms heaving with the inspirations of patriotic joy. The North was triumphantly vindicated. No victor at the head of his vanquishing legions had ever achieved a more signal triumph. The glad tidings spread on the wings of the wind, thrilling and electrifying the nation, and Mr. Webster stood before the world in a crown of intellectual glory. Those who have not read that speech, should do so. They will find passages in it that will inspire them with a thrill of intellectual and patriotic joy. As a specimen

of unpremeditated senatorial eloquence, exhibiting great and comprehensive powers of mind, that seem god-like, it has no equal.

Mr. Webster bore about him the stamp of an intellectual king. Wherever he went, he was regarded the first among men. The writer met him a few years since in London, where, in the Senate-chamber and among the first intellects of the world, he was the most noticed and marked man. No American has ever met with a more flattering reception there. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Lord Melbourne, the then Prime-Minister, and all the most distinguished nobility, paid him marked attention. He spent several days at Kensington-palace, with the Duke of Sussex, the Queen's uncle, and one of the most gifted of the brothers of George the Fourth. Every moment was occupied; even his morning-hours were devoted to private festivity. He was every where a welcome and invited guest. On different occasions, when calling upon him at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, I found him going out to breakfast with some distinguished Englishman. His fame had preceded him. The London populace understood and appreciated his greatness. The beauties of Daniel Webster were every where placarded in the shop-windows. Such was his presence, commanding person, and large head, with its extraordinary developments, that in passing through the streets he commanded marked attention; even the street-laborers regarded him with wonder and admiration.

Intellectually great; great and distinguished in all the high positions he filled; endowing and imparting additional lustre without ostentation to the most exalted stations known among men, yet simple and child-like in his intercourse with them; never manifesting by his actions that he was any thing more than one of the humblest of them, the least of whom were placed as much at home and at ease with him as if in company of an equal, and sometimes unconscious of his superiority until, by the unaffected flashes of his intellect, they were made sensible of the brilliancy of his genius, of the fountain of knowledge welling up in him, overflowing and beautifying the arguments with which he unfolded with clearness the mysteries of every subject he undertook to grasp. Viewing the matter under consideration from a variety of points, as he analyzed it; fortifying his positions by a chain of argument that was resistless; presenting new views, true to nature, expressed in language so simple, as he cleared up that which seemed obscure; causing you to wonder that you had not comprehended the subject before.

He had his faults: they were few compared with his many virtues, and are buried with him; while his exalted patriotism, his good deeds, and the reflection of his mighty intellect, will clothe his memory in perpetual green. No position, exaltation of intellect, nor earthly power could shield him from the great destroyer. Full of years, in the midst of his usefulness, with his armor on, and crowned with honors, he obeyed the call; 'approaching his end, soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust, like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

What a sublime reflection, that in the 'wreck of matter and crush of worlds,' the immortal mind survives! Man may, as he does, fall like the leaves of autumn. The tall oak, that has withstood the storms of a thou-

sand winters, falls to the earth and decays. The lofty temple that has reared its glittering dome on high for ages, crumbles. The volcano explodes the primitive foundations of the everlasting mountains, and they sink into annihilation. Cities and empires rise and fall. 'Earth may die; its habitants may exclaim, Earth is passing away; its requiem may ring around heaven's ramparts, stir the thornless rose in heaven's arbor, and shake the very drapery around the throne of God;' 'but intellect survives;' and Mr. Webster, with the millions of imperishable mind, exalted and in a new and nobler form, will yet witness from the observatory of Infinity the going out of the great light of nature, and read thy epitaph upon thy tomb-stone, that thou too hast fallen, O Death! In the spirit of his own magnificent conception applied to Adams and Jefferson, his disembodied spirit has gone to join our WASHINGTON, and those other stars that revolve around their common centre in the clear upper sky; where may he, with Demosthenes and Cicero, Chatham, Burke, and Pitt, and our own illustrious Adams, Patrick Henry, and Henry Clay, like the far-off evening-star, that brightens with the increasing darkness of the night, continue to shine brighter and brighter through the added dusk of each succeeding year, until time shall be no more! And may this, and every other generation of this fair land, be permitted to walk the course of time in the fulness of their reflected light!

A N N I E M A Y .

Gone from the hearts that love her
 Gone from her home away;
 Gone in her childish beauty,
 Little ANNIE MAY.

Gone like the moon-light's glimmer
 From off the rippling stream;
 Gone like the joyous pictures
 Of childhood's glowing dream.

Gone as the flowers of tearful spring
 Gone as the dew at morn;
 Gone like the songs of summer-birds
 Fled as the stars at dawn.

But in a land of beauty,
 Of never-fading flowers,
 Where care and sorrow come not,
 (A holier clime than ours,)

She dwelleth now, and kneeleth
 Beside the throne of God,
 In praise to Him who raiseth
 The spirit from the sod.

T H E S T O R M Y P E T R E L .

I.

'Twas when in the morning
The rainbow gave warning
To the sailors that traversed the wild raging sea,
That the music was heard
Of this stormy bird
As she skimmed o'er the mountain-wave free.

II.

'Twas a strange, wild thing,
With a motionless wing,
That touched neither ocean nor air as it flew;
But ever pursued,
With its phantom brood,
The white-winged ship and its dauntless crew.

III.

I had watched her flight
At the noon of night,
And wept for this bird of the tireless wing,
That hath no rest
On the heaving breast
Of the sea, with its ceaseless swing!

IV.

And she hath no home
But the snow-white foam,
This wanderer out on the wild, deep sea,
Where her chosen nest
Is the billow's crest,
When the storm pipes loud in his ocean glee!

V.

It is said of this bird
That her wailing is heard
When the mariner sinks to his final rest;
And she glides away
O'er the darkling spray
When the sun goes down in the far bleak west

VI.

That her wings are kissed
By the morning mist,
When the sun comes up from his ocean stream,
And she bathes anew
In the bright foam-dew,
When the day dissolves with his parting beam:

VII.

That there is no rest
On the ocean's breast
For this storm-loved bird of the wailing night,
That o'er the sea
Flies ceaselessly,
Like the parting wind in its pathless flight!

R. W. W.

Waukesha, Wis., March, 1853.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH

WASH. FUDGE AND FRIENDS.

‘TELL me with whom you live, and I will tell you who you are.’ SPANISH PROVERB

OUR good cousin WASHINGTON is not to be forgotten. We must go back to Paris to find him. He is luxuriating in the way that most very young Americans are apt to luxuriate in the gay capital. It is an odd truth, but confirmed by very much out-of-the-way observation of my own, that if you put a young New-Yorker in the road to the D—1, he will gallop there faster than any youngster of any nation upon the face of the globe. The old adage of the beggar on horse-back will occur to the erudite reader; yet it is not, as WASH. could say in *la belle langue*, *apropos*: for a beggar is not often on horse-back; but a travelling New-York youngster is rarely pursuing his journey in any other direction than that which I have suggested.

Those elegant young gentlemen who introduce the fashions for shirt-collars, small pantaloons, charms, short canes, schottisch, or *matinées*, are not, in a general way, very robust of brain: the atmosphere of Paris is almost uniformly fatal to those who are not robust in that organ. The ladies must explain why it is that such feebleness in our city scions is becoming common. It is my opinion—whatever Mr. THEODORE PARKER or Miss ABBY FOLSOM may say—that ladies, young and old, are much more accountable for the intellectual and moral habits of our thriving boys, than they are for slavery, or a low tariff. Under the present hop-and-skip aspect of the town society, it is certain that strong-minded ladies content themselves with a side-view, and do *not* take an active part in the entertainment of such young gentlemen as my cousin WASH. FUDGE. The consequence is, that the young gentlemen alluded to grow up in the bosom of a large family of nimble and anxious young ladies, very similar in their qualifications to the ambitious WILHELMINA. It is needless to say that they riot here; and even maintain a preponderance in the social scale which it would seem rash to expect from them under any circumstances.

With such antecedents, I think it can easily be imagined how utterly weak such gentlemen prove when transferred to the society of those ladies *entreprenantes* of the Parisian ball-room, and to the courtesies of the masked fêtes. If even a strong man, of healthy, country energy, and practical mental development, has been known to yield, what could be hoped of a young gentleman reared above Bleecker-street, and a star at *matinées dansantes*?

Alas, for the good old Dutch days (I was young then) when a boy was nurtured by the good old Dutch mammas in some sort of manliness; when a little of the Spartan hardihood and good sense dwelt even in the blaze of wealth; and when the scions of the old stock were not wilted, as they are now-a-days, into shadowy vestiges of men, with no trace of the masculine character about them, except their names and their boots. Poor, weak young gentlemen; and my poor cousin WASHINGTON, my heart bleeds for you!

And so would his mother's, and even his papa's, the stout SOLOMON's, if he had known of his sad losses in the saloon of the pretty, but middle-aged Countess de GUERLIN. I do not know that it would have greatly mitigated the old gentleman's pity to have witnessed the ravishing tenderness which the GUERLIN did certainly show to the FUDGE heir. Nothing so touches the heart of a stranger in a foreign land as this tender kind of sympathy.

'Oh, *mon petit*,' said the charming countess, 'I like you so much! and that odious colonel, who has won your money, I detest him; *il est monstre*! But, my dear, it will turn better, I feel ver'sure. Cou-rage, VASHY!'

And the three thousand already mentioned are not all. Indeed, a sight-draft (which my uncle SOLOMON abominates) is on its way for double the amount. And the little suppers—charming affairs—are more and more frequent; and so are the drives in the pleasant Bois de Boulogne.

Once or twice it does occur even to the darkened mind of WASH. FUDGE, that it might possibly be better to forswear high society, live quietly, and observe a little more attentively what might be worth observing in so extended a tract of country as Europe. Once or twice, I say, this does occur, with a winning fancy of some definite object in life, more than looking on, or dancing, or losing money at '*écarté*;' but it is a shadowy fancy; the straggling remnant of some magazine suggestion, or fragment of a sermon; and has none of the vitality about it which belongs to the graceful speech of the GUERLIN.

Moreover, the mamma, Mrs. PHŒBE, riding in her claret coach, is she not spending years in just such conquest of brilliant connection as the hopeful WASHINGTON has leaped upon at a bound? Is not our lively boy dutifully pursuing the bent of his early impressions? And the advices in the occasional letters of the mamma do not offer any very firm stand-point for a new course of life. Therefore he slips on in his GUERLIN coupé, with very much the same quietude of conscience with which the stout woman, my Aunt PHŒBE, prosecutes her daily drives with the angelic WILHELMINA, amid the delightful scenery of human vanities.

But there are roughnesses even in the soft paths of life; and to anticipate them is almost a conquest. Mrs. FUDGE will find it so. WASH. FUDGE has found it so.

The draft for five thousand being on its way, WASH., charmed with the GUERLIN still, continues to lend the attraction of his presence to the *petit soupers* in the *Rue de Helder*. The old gentleman in the white moustache is unfailing; and the colonel, the monster, presumes also to be present, and to play unflinchingly at '*écarté*.' It is in strong evidence

of the disinterestedness of the countess, that she has never received from Mr. FUDGE the amount of her private earnings; she has, indeed, transferred a few of his souvenirs of indebtedness to the gentleman of the white moustache; but WASHINGTON feels bold and grateful; he playfully provokes, upon a certain evening, very large bettings with the countess, and loses. The delicious supper and the excitement of the evening drive the matter out of his mind. Indeed, it might have escaped him wholly, if the colonel had not called upon him a few days after, and urged, in his blindest manner, that he, WASH. FUDGE, should cancel that little debt to the countess.

WASHINGTON is surprised. He will call on madame.

'Pardon; Madame la Comtesse is engaged to-day.'

Mr. FUDGE cannot act in the matter without authority from the countess.

Mr. FUDGE may relieve himself of all anxiety, since Madame la Comtesse is the wife of his obedient servant, the Colonel DUPREZ.

The French are a polite people, as the colonel's manner abundantly proved. He even volunteered an explanation in reply to WASHINGTON's expression of distrust.

'I wish to say, Monsieur,' (and the colonel tweaks his moustache,) 'that my wife (*c'est à dire, la Comtesse de GUERLIN*) has handed to me these little *billets*. They bear, I think, your name, and a promise to pay, *de vue*, twenty-five hundred francs. *Pas grand chose*, but *les affaires me pressent beaucoup*. *Je vous attend, Monsieur*.'

'The wife of Colonel DUPREZ? Impossible!'

'*Vous croyez, Monsieur?*' And the colonel plays with his moustache.

In despair, Mr. FUDGE asks if the colonel can wait until to-morrow.

'With the greatest pleasure.' And the colonel withdraws, leaving our pleasant hero in a very excited condition. Twenty-five hundred francs are not so very much: but to be so deceived! Surely the countess can be no party to this imposition. And he is the more confirmed in this opinion by the present receipt of a delicate note, in the handwriting of his 'distressed countess.'

'She fears that *monstre*, the colonel, has importuned him; has told him — all, perhaps! Oh! the false-heartedness and vexations of the world! Poor, trusting woman! her tears blind her as she writes. Do not, dear Mr. FUDGE, be disturbed. — *A bientôt*. — Marie de GUERLIN.'

And very soon it is that the charming *coupé* stops at the door of Mr. FUDGE's hotel, not, as formerly, to command the attendance of our hero; but, in the grief of the late disclosure, the countess worthily abandons her pride, and finds her way in person to the apartment of our excited cousin. Never before had Mr. FUDGE taken such pride in the elaborate elegance of his salon; never before had his mirrors reflected such distinguished presence.

And the countess is bewitchingly dressed: such gloves; such a delicately-fitted boot and waist; such a coy, half-yielding of the veil! Poor WASHINGTON!

'And, *mon cher VASH*, the colonel has been here?'

'Yes, Madame la Comtesse.'

'*Monstre!*—and he has told you—'

'A very queer story, Madame.'

'*Ah, mon Dieu! Que je suis malheureuse!*' and the pretty veiled head falls upon the pretty gloved hands, as if tears were being shed.

WASHINGTON is sympathetic, and his tones show it.

'*Ah, mon cher!*' says the countess, recovering, and walking up and down in a very excited, but very dramatic manner, 'it is too much! too much! He has taken all—all but this poor heart, [a dainty glove presses pleadingly upon the heaving bosom,] this poor heart—he has not—oh no, no, *mon cher Monsieur!*'

WASH. FUDGE is sympathetic, and takes her hand—a charming little hand! 'Can he do nothing for his dear countess?'

'She fears not: even her jewels are to be sold.'

WASH. FUDGE says her jewels shall not be sold.

She does not hear him. 'My dear mother's jewels'—

'They shall not be sold: I will save them!' says WASH., excitedly.

'*Ah, quel bon cour!*' and the countess looks fondly and gratefully upon poor WASH.

And poor WASH. is failing fast; and the tears gather in the eyes of the countess; and she hides them: she can hide them only by dropping her head upon the shoulder of our suffering hero.

Now just as WASHINGTON FUDGE found himself in this very affecting attitude, the door was suddenly opened, (as doors open in melo-dramas,) and there appeared the figure of Colonel DUPREZ!

The countess shrieked. The colonel looked—iron. Yet he was generous. WASHINGTON allowed it; although an aggrieved man, he showed great magnanimity. He led away the countess in a drooping condition. He turned a last look upon the horrified young FUDGE—a look of marble, which was worse, even, than the iron one.

He sent a friend to Mr. FUDGE to arrange a meeting for the next day in the Bois de Boulogne.

This did not leave pleasant matter for reflection with our young friend. It is my opinion that New-York fashionable education does not cultivate those powers of observation which contemplate gaily a possibility of death, even with broad-swords, or duelling-pistols. And yet, judging from the small-sized limbs belonging to most of the present habitués of Broadway, one might suppose they could allow themselves to be shot at from an honorable distance with perfect impunity. Mr. WASHINGTON FUDGE showed no appreciation of this advantage of person.

I cannot say that he slept soundly. It was a capital thing to boast of, provided he should escape. What a thing to tell down at Bassford's, on his return; or at the New-York Club; or to mention incidentally and apologetically at the Spindles's—those elegant people, who had made considerable capital out of a challenge once sent by a third cousin of theirs to Colonel MAGLOSHKY! What a thing to hint at, as a trifling occurrence, when dining in company with the tall Captain GOHARDY, of Governor's Island!

It has often been a wonder to me what would be precisely the sensations of a man of no very strong nerve, in anticipation of standing up to be shot at. They can hardly be pleasant. There may be a wild sort

of satisfaction in shooting at a brutal fellow who has injured you; but for him to have a shot at you is a different matter. It is a rational admission, so far as there is any rationality in it, that your lives are on a par, and that your own is quite as worthless as his. This, indeed, may well happen; but, so far as my observation goes, it is not currently recognized: most of us possess an instinctive and weakly leaning toward the belief that our own lives are comparatively invaluable. WASHINGTON FUDGE had long nursed this fancy, in a subdued and quiet way.

It is a very brave thing to fight a duel, but uncomfortable. If a man could be sure of a ball in the right quarter—say the fleshy part of the arm, or of the thigh, or a grazing shot upon one of the ribs; or, indeed, a ball plump through the heart; or no hit at all—it would be well enough. But it is not pleasant to anticipate (especially if one has a slight acquaintance with anatomy) a bullet in the shoulder-joint, occasioning infinite pain, and a crippled limb for life: or a ball in the hip, badly scratching the femoral artery, and bloating up into aneurisms, or one in the abdomen, is disagreeable to think of; or in the articulation of the lower jaw, splintering bones of importance; or one in the lungs, producing great wheezing and weak wind for the residue of life; or in the stomach, allowing much gastric juice to escape, and spoiling all thought of dinners for ever.

It is much the same thing with the short-sword; there is no determining in advance what particular spot our antagonist will select for a home-thrust; and under the short-sword excitement, he may be quite as apt to 'stamp the vitals' as any other part.

I must confess that I am no duel-theorist. In the place of my cousin WASH. FUDGE, (which, however, I should cautiously have avoided,) I think I should have declined fighting, considering that if my life were worth any thing either to SOLOMON, MRS. PHEBE, WILHELMINA, or the world in general, or self in particular, it was worth more than that of any such antagonist. As for insults, the man who insults without reason is either good subject for information, or he is beneath explanations, either by tongue or pistol. Should he commit assault, why then I have a theory that self-defence is quite justifiable, even to the use of very effective weapons—very effectively used. This may not be altogether Peace doctrine, but it is FUDGE doctrine, and altogether human.

Howbeit, WASH. was not strong enough or bold enough to have the world speak ill of him; and although trembling in his shoes at the bare thought of Colonel DUPREZ and a broad-sword or a pistol, he trembled still more at the thought of the SPINDLES and the PINKERTONS; and he determined to go out.

It was a dull, gray morning which followed upon the arrangement of the meeting, and which was to precede the final catastrophe. At least, our friend WASH. said it was a dull, gray morning, in his letter; and such times are apt to be of a dull gray. It was a dull, gray evening, if I remember rightly, that preceded the killing of MACBETH; and it was a dull, gray day when HAMLET stabbed the man behind the arras, thinking he was a rat. And it was a dull, gray day when ROBINSON CRUSOE went ashore, and built his cave, and so on; and it was another of the same sort of days when OLIVIA PRIMROSE ran off with a bad fellow, to wit,

young THORNHILL. And it must have been, I think, (though THACKERAY does not mention it,) a day of the same color when RAWDON CRAWLEY was smuggled out of prison, and found Lord STEYNE in little BECKY SHARPE's parlor, very lover-like and engaging in his manner.

But in the midst of the grayness, the old *Concierge* came up the stairs and delivered a letter from aunt PHOEBE. It is surprising how a letter in a well-known hand, bringing up old-fashioned thoughts and feelings, will often break down the most splendid imaginative flights in the world; and turn us back by a grasp—not of iron, but of home-knit mittens—from the fancy and ideal world, into a world of almanacs and home-affection! Even in the most extraordinary epochs of life, when we fancy ourselves giants, or heroes, or saints, a letter from old-time friends, very quaint, very familiar, very full of our old weaknesses, reduces us at a blow to the dull, standard actual, and convinces us, against our glowing hope and thought, that *we* too are, after all, frail mortals, tied to the poor fabric of every-day life by the same bonds which tied us always! We never rise to be more than sons, or more than brothers, or more than men. And happy is the calm-thoughted fellow who knows this from the beginning; and who so orders his designs that every purpose may help toward the symmetric fulfilment of a destiny which is only ours by the ordering of PROVIDENCE; and which we may qualify by worthy deeds, but never shake from us by a spasm of pride or of anger.

Thus, while WASH. FUDGE was about to submit his valuable life to the turn of a short-sword, the mamma was all hopefulness and beatitude; foreseeing a magnificent triumph for her darling WASHINGTON with the SPINDLES and the PINKERTONS. He was casting up his mortal longings and immortal speculations, upon the hinge of two hours' time; and she, rubicund in her sprawling periods, was enjoying the charming fancy of the elegant young FUDGE in Parisian neck-tie and seductive vest-pattern!

'My dear boy,' she says, 'I hope you are quite well, and have got over the cold in the head you spoke of. It is charming weather in New-York, and old TRUMAN BONGERS is dead; died aboard the Eclipse, which burnt up two weeks ago, and a great many valuable lives lost, which we regret very much, making true the words of the Psalmist, which I hope you read, that in the middle of life death comes and overtakes us. He has left considerable property, which your father says will be divided between aunt FLEMING and myself, which will make a prettv sum for you by-and-by, being eighty thousand dollars, as SOLOMON says, in all.

'The Count TALLE I spoke to you about, dear boy, is ravished with WILHE., and I think will propose, though he has not yet. He is a great lion, and the SPINDLES admire him very much. Papa thinks you are expensive, which I hope you won't be, as it's much better to spend money here than there, because people see it then; unless you wish to marry there, which I do n't advise, for fear you will be taken in.

'I told you about little KITTY FLEMING, who is pretty. And young QUID, who is distinguished-like, and whom we know, and whom you remember aboard ship, is very attentive to her; only because she is so pretty, we all thought. But papa met him down at Newtown, where he went to look after TRUMAN's property, and thinks he has an eye on the property.

'Now I think of it, WASHY, why, since she's pretty, and is to have money, would n't it do for you to come home and court her? I do n't think QUID has made any proposals as yet; and I am sure with the *eclair* (that's French) of just getting hom from Paris, you could make a sensation in society, and so have a very good chance.

'But we would n't let this, in case you should come, stand in the way of any thing better, and control your affections in any way, my dear boy.

'Try to speak French, and mix as much as you can in genteel French society. I like your acquaintance with the countess you speak of. She must be a very refined person, and I should like to visit her, which I will do in case I ever go to Paris. Take care of your health, WASHY; be careful about your dress; do n't spend too much money, now; tie a muffler on when you go in the damp air. And here's hoping you may be an ornament to every body that knows you.

'From your loving mamma,

PHOEBE FUDGE.'

WASHINGTON attempted to leave a few lines for his mother. He went

on very well for a sentence or two, when he grew desperate and broke down; exclaiming meantime, much more reverently than he was in the habit of doing, 'O LORD!' and shed a few tears.

It was, as I said, a dull, gray morning; and it continued to be dull and gray as Master FUDGE pursued his course, thoughtfully, in a hackney-cab, out to the Bois de Boulogne. This wood (for wood it is) is just outside one of the gates of Paris, and is a scrubby, low forest, where one can find quiet places for duels, or any diversion of that kind.

Never in all his expérience of Paris coachmen had WASHINGTON found a *cocher* who drove with such spirit and zest. He seemed to advance upon a gallop. The shops flitted dismally by. The fountains, and garçons, and gay equipages, seemed to have lost very much of their charm. And yet WASHINGTON was loth to leave them behind him.

Once in that fast drive the wheels splashed very near the great gateway of *La Charité*; it was open; and they were carrying a man upon a litter, whose shoulder had been shattered by a fall. A wounded man upon a litter in the street, with crimson blood dappling the white sheet that half covers him, is at any time an unpleasant sight. But to our friend WASH. it was painful to the last degree.

On and on rattled the furious *cocher*.

'A little slower,' said WASH.

And the driver slackened his speed along the quay, where a group of invalid soldiers were lounging on a bench, and reposing their wooden legs.

WASHINGTON turned to look upon the river, gliding along placidly enough, bringing down floating weeds and sticks from the laughing country of Bourgogne, which WASH. remembered with a sigh. And over the clanking bridge the hackney-coach rolled on; and under the trees of the Elysian Fields — very Elysian and gay to those of my cousin's taste — and up the long reach of that great avenue, toward the triumphal arch, plunged on the hackney-cab that bore our depressed hero to his first field of battle.

Now, it is my opinion, that the most serious part of the embarrassment which beset the brilliant WASH. FUDGE, lay in the fact that the whole drift of his elegant education and his fashionable tutelage bore him as straightly and irresistibly to the duelling-ground as the impetuous *cocher* himself. It was a very awkward way of living up to Mrs. FUDGE's mark; or, what would be still more awkward, of dying up to the mark.

A man who puts a reasonable value on his life, has a respectable excuse for taking care of it, and for keeping it, on ordinary, private occasions, out of the reach of musket or pistol-shot. But the man, on the contrary, who lives principally for the attainment of elegant, boudoir opinions, has no sort of apology for shirking any demand which the boudoir code of honor may make upon him, whether as the mark for a cool eighteen-pace pistol-shot, or the revolver of an aggrieved husband.

In short, young WASH. was just now paying in the penance of cool perspiration for his extraordinary steps toward high life. And he trembled perceptibly when he landed from his cab upon the spot designated. As yet, no one had appeared upon the ground. Mr. FUDGE sauntered about uneasily. The sky was still gray. The sound of the retiring

coach had died away; a field-fare or two were twittering in the bushes.

No one approached.

Mr. FUDGE looked at his watch, and found it some ten minutes past the hour agreed upon. His spirits revived somewhat. It might be that the colonel had thought better of the matter; at least there was hope; and he amused himself by calling up old scenes—his elegant mother, the dashing WILHELMINA, the pretty cousin KITTY; all which thoughts, however, were presently dashed by the approaching sound of wheels. The sound grew nearer and nearer. The perspiration gathered upon the brow of Mr. FUDGE.

It was not a spot to which a carriage would drive except by appointment. Therefore, when the coachman reined up within a yard or two of Mr. FUDGE, he knew there could be no mistake.

A few minutes more, and he felt assured that he would become a hero or a badly-hurt man; perhaps both.

At least so it appeared to WASHINGTON FUDGE, when the carriage-door opened, and there alighted—the FEMME DE CHAMBRE of the Countess de GUERLIN!

This accomplished young lady was the bearer of a note, which ran in the following very incoherent and distressed way:

'CRUEL! cruel! *et vous, mon cher*. And can you think that I would suffer your blood to flow under the hands of that *monstre*, whom I will not name? No! no! I know all! I have detained him, but only for a little time, perhaps. Will you fly?

'No, for that would be misery to you; that would be cowardice. I cannot counsel that. Yet the colonel is insatiable, reckless. Misguided, unfortunate woman that I am! O, *cher FUDGE*! there is one resource. How dare I name it to one who is the soul of honor?

Avarice is the bane of my wretched husband's life; yes, avarice! To that I am sacrificed. By feeding that horrid vice I survive. And you, *cher FUDGE*, you too may escape.

'But think not I would sacrifice your honor: *jamais, jamais*! He shall not know. It shall be I will tempt him. Send me only so much as will quiet the monster. As you love me and regard my happiness, do not fail. Strange vice! that the miserable sum of three thousand francs should make him wear the charge of cowardice. Yet such is his debased nature.

'Yours, *cher FUDGE*, will be the honor; his the shame.

'Do not fail. *Je vous embrasse mille fois*.

'BEATRICE DE GUERLIN'

It is needless to remark that WASHINGTON breathed more freely; drove to his rooms with the French *femme de chambre*; revolved the matter; drew upon my uncle SOLOMON for a matter of five thousand francs; and was safe—safe for his dear mother's transports; safe for the BODGERS legacy.

Life in Paris is very gay for a young man of parts. Subject to ups and downs, to be sure, but gay. On many accounts it is desirable; chiefly, however, for those of cool tempers and active brains. I do not think my cousin WASHINGTON is possessed of these. I fear he is in the way of difficulty. I have my doubts about the sincerity of this Countess de GUERLIN. I may be mistaken.

I hope I am.

SIN'S PROGRESS

We are not worst at once. The course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay;
But let the stream get deeper, and Philosophy,
Ay, and Religion too, shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong current.

LYRICS OF THE MODERN CONQUEST.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY COPPER, U. S. A.

CHOLULA: A VISION OF THE PAST.

DAY was dying; and the Even glided like a dark-haired nun;
 Lit her stars for funeral-candles, sang his vesper-dirge alone;
 Wept alone his fading glories, deeper spread his sable pall,
 Till the pale-faced moon in pity came to light his burial.
 Mid his solemn funeral-service, solitary and alone
 Stood I on Cholula's chapel, once the Temple of the Sun,
 Where of old the Aztec Saviour raised his meek and tender eyes
 Fervently to bless the horrent rites of human sacrifice.

Like a map lay out beneath me the magnificent plateau,
 Watered, as of old was Eden, by a thousand springs in flow;
 While before me rose MALINCHÉ, like a warder tall and grim,
 With a waving cloud for truncheon mid the fading light and dim.
 There, like offspring of the Titans, shooting from that tropic land,
 Shining in the swelling moon-light, lo! the twin volcanoes* stand;
 Cold and hoar they raise their white, sepulchral summits into heaven,
 Like the ghosts of mountains stalking 'mid the silences of even.

Just beneath my feet Cholula twinkled from her sacred spires,
 Where of old a thousand cressets fed the Indian vestal-fires:
 At the sight my fancy soaring, then I heard a mingled sound,
 Indian-horns and Spanish bugles pealing from the Holy Ground.†
 Listening still, these notes historic die upon the ear of night;
 Sleep comes gently earth-ward, spreading far and wide her mantle light;
 Spanish hosts and Indian traitors now alike their eye-lids close,
 And my heart, like Fancy's troopings, seeks in holy night repose.

Lying on my horseman's sur-coat, just before the chapel-door,
 Numbering the star-mosaics tessellating heaven's floor,
 Mused I on their gaze, which witnessed stirring scenes of earlier years,
 Gladsome with a nation's laughter, streaming with a nation's tears.
 By their light I saw fierce CORTEZ from the coast in fury sweep;
 SANDOVAL and BERNAL DIAZ, ALVARADO of the Leap;
 Saw them gather, ominous and silent in the shadowy night,
 To the great square of the city, in the moon-light pale and white.

Then I heard the Spanish clarion sound one shrill and piercing blast,
 And beheld the city swarming, men and women flying fast;
 Men in panic, women shrieking, children running to and fro;
 Yet no battle clamors reached me from the peopled square below.
 But I heard the voice of CORTEZ — straight the mighty crowd was dumb;
 Thus he spake: 'With friendly purpose to your city did we come:
 In the black depths of your spirits lies a treachery blacker yet!
 Ha! the Christian's God hath warned us, and your treachery is met.'

* Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl.

† Cholula was the Holy City of Anahuac.

Then the tawny cheeks were paling; then beseeching lips and eyes
 Broke into quick prayers for mercy from the 'children of the skies;'
 Vain, alas! One match-lock fired is the leader's ordered sign;
 Then, mid groans, and shrieks, and shouting, red blood flows like ruby wine.
 Now they come! the horsemen charging, like the lightning from on high!
 Now they come! the footmen closing with a loud and vengeful cry!
 'Tis the battle-cry of Spain! 't is the Spanish rolling drum,
 Mingled with the groans of anguish, mingled with their city's hum.

Then the mailed Castilian rushed upon the cotton-armed cacique,
 Smote him with his trenchant sabre, cleft him through the skull and cheek;
 Then Hascalan allies tore the nursing children from the breast,
 Swung them twice with whirling arms, dashed them down with savage zest,
 Till I rose and cried in horror: 'Shall this bloody butchery last?
 Once again a bugle sounded, long and loud, a lordly blast;
 'Santiago y España!' cried I, leaping from my dream:
 Lo! the stars and moon had vanished, and I saw the sun's first beam

'T was our bugle — there lay Puebla, shining in the early day;
 There our army, small in numbers, strong in spirit, sleeping lay,
 Like a lion gorged and sleeping, soon in fury to awake;
 Soon to spring in deadly hunger on the CITY OF THE LAKE.
 Oft the vision now returneth of that gorgeous tropic night,
 Gleaming from the stars and mountains in a pure historic light;
 And to give it form and substance which before was viewless air,
 I have written and related what you now have deigned to hear.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

A FAITHFUL AUTOBIOGRAPHY: RENEWED BY REQUEST.

BY GLAUSER SAULTZ M. D.

PREVIOUS to the meeting which I had with Doctor Troy Ranters, which was the only formal occasion having the nature of a *quasi* consultation on which I encountered him — although I frequently had the pleasure of exchanging a nod with him as he drove about the country with his cow, and was once indebted to his politeness for a bundle of blood-root — I lost a colored patriarch, named Frank Jones. He was gathered to his fathers at the ripe age of eighty-five, and was placed in the family burying-ground on Shinnecock Hills. He numbers about five hundred descendants in all, from those who were able to reap the fields and put a polish on the resistant leather, to the small heads on which the curling fleeces have just begun to grow. Nor is that army of five hundred sustained with less facility from the bounteous earth than the aforesaid Frank was when he walked alone upon it. What feudal chieftain with such a princely band of retainers could say as much? They wield the axe, they wield the scythe, they chop wood, they pick up chips, they 'stick pigs,' they catch fish, they dig clams, and any mention of Liberia is a downright insult. They

are weaned from Africa, as a child is from its mother. They know enough of geography from their tatooed grandfathers, to know that it is a far country, where living is precarious among the tribes, where poisonous serpents and charmers abound, and colored people are sacrificed to the colored gods. When I have urged it upon them to emigrate, and endeavored to give them an idea of the liberal policy of President Roberts, who sways the destinies of the Liberian republic, they have replied that this country is good enough for them. Frank Jones was hale and hearty until a short time before his death; and on Saturday nights, or on training-days, or any festive occasion, he was as nimble with the heel and toe as any of Young Africa. When I occasionally met him with the salutation, 'What, Frank! alive yet?' he would reply, with an hilarious guffaw, 'Yes, Massa; and likely to live!' But Frank seldom waited for me to come up with him; he approached voluntarily, the moment he got a twinkling of me, with accelerated steps, stretching out his hand with a confident smile, and saying in an under-tone, 'Say, Massa, have n't you got a sixpence for an old nigga?' Mr. Jones, at a late period of his life, was prevailed on to attach himself to the 'Total Abstinence Society,' a movement which proved very beneficial to his temporal interests. His mind also became excited on religious subjects at a camp-meeting, and he took praiseworthy determinations in that way; but Mrs. Jones afterward told me that he had subsided from his promises in both these respects; that his spirit was willing, but his flesh was weak. Frank Jones had not the fear of death before his eyes; for he had so long continued without a symptom of sickness or token of old age, that he began to look on life as a mere matter of course, and that he should live to be jolly on Saturday nights and on training-days, for centuries to come. Frank Jones came of a long-lived stock, and it would not require more than forty or fifty links in the chain of his family to reach back to his fore-father Ham, and to the time of Noah's deluge, or forward more than forty or fifty, to reach the probable duration of the world. But he was at last taken sick, and all Africa was inquiring at the door of his cabin how Uncle Frank did. I perceived by his pale lips, and the rattle in his throat, that his time had come; and was not slow to inform him that the things of this world would soon be to him as though they were not. He received the message with apparent indifference, merely shaking his grizzly head on the pillow, and saying, 'Do no', Massy Docky; old Frank got a good deal of strength into him yet.' 'But I know, Frank. You are an old man, and I wish you to be sensible of your condition, that you may think on your latter end.' I only mention his case in order to record one characteristic anecdote to be added to many others about the 'ruling passion.' I administered some trifling palliative, cast a last look at the poor old man, whose face had been familiar to me for so many years, and took up my hat to depart. I had only reached the door of the hovel when his wife arrested my steps, saying that Frank wished to speak to me. I approached his bed-side, thinking that he had some last request or favor to ask, which was, in fact, true; but it was of a different kind from what I anticipated. For the very poorest often have some Will to make, though it is deficient in codicils, and may not task the attention of any executor. It may be the glance of a parting look, or the transmission of a grateful word. I bent

my head low, for he could hardly speak above a whisper, and was almost in the article of death.

'What is it, Frank? If you have any request to make, speak, and I will endeavor to have your wishes attended to.'

'You hear what the Doctor says,' chimed in his wife; 'speak plain: the Doctor says he will do it for you.'

A smile played over the pale lips of the sick man, and with the same cunning confidence of expression which I had noticed in his well days, he said in a hushed voice,

'LOOK-A-HEE, MASSY DOCKY; CAN'T YOU GIVE POOR OLD NIGGER A SHILLING?'

'A shilling, Frank! why, what will you do with it?'

'Oh, I do somethin' with it.'

'Well, well, certainly, if you wish it, Frank; but you had better think of other things.'

It is hard to refuse a last request; so I gave him a shilling; but before he had time to spend it, he died.

It was supposed that he was 'pisoned;' and so he was, in fact, but by a very slow poison—that of old age.

Another of my African patients who died about the same time, and after he had attained nearly the same age, was a man who was familiarly known as Uncle Moreau. This was his only name. Uncle Moreau was a native-born African, and he retained some muddy recollections of matters and things in his native land. He afterward became the property of a French gentleman who lived at St. Domingo, where Moreau had been well trained in the science of arms. At the time of the massacre he escaped with his master, who came to the United States, where he built a cottage on Long Island, and lived in much elegance during his life.

When his master died, Uncle Moreau became free to go where he pleased, and entered into the service of a gentleman in my vicinity. He was uncle, grandfather, and oracle, among the blacks. He fully believed in poisoning, and had lost many relations in that way. He had been twice married, *unceremoniously*; the first time to a yellow woman whom he left in St. Domingo, and who afterward followed him; but he was obliged to dissolve that match, as he had espoused Dinah, a fat black woman, by whom he had a large family. They lived amicably together, for Moreau was a steady worker, and never left home except once a year, when he went to the city to see an old friend of his master, Dr. Burger, on which occasions he usually received into his hand a silver piece, beside eating a good dinner in the kitchen. Moreau was fond of flowers, as his master had been in the habit of keeping a handsome green-house, and Mademoiselle Charlotte, his niece, trained the plants about his pleasant enclosures. Following a good example, the old black dugged a pit, and had a few old frames glazed with broken glass, which structure he called a green-house; and in it were a few knotty and aged orange-trees, some geraniums, and other plants. It was a great resort on Sundays for all the colored ladies who called in after meeting.

'Come, Uncle Moreau, you must show us your green-house.'

'Oh, yes, yes, Uncle Moreau, we've heard so much about it, and that

you've got so many beautiful plants. Them tamarind seeds you gave Holibama has all come up.'

So they would go trailing after the old man, who applied the key to the padlock, and they stepped down, one after another, into the warm pit.

'Oh, dat is lubly! What's dat, Uncle Moreau?'

'Dat? Dat's what-you-call-'um — dat's liburnum.'

'What's dat?'

'Dat? Dat's what-you-call-'um — dat's stock-jelly.'

'And what's dat?'

'Dat? Dat's — dat's — dat's what-you-call-'um — dat's camelia.'

'Wha's dat, Uncle Moreau?'

'Oh, dat? Dat's verbena. Smell.'

'Oh, a'n't dat sweet? Do smell dat, Aunt Viney.'

'What's dat?'

'Dat's Egyptian lily.'

'A'n't dat beau'ful?'

With French politeness, Moreau did not permit the visitors to depart without plucking a full-blown rose, and presenting it with a limber bow to the most blooming of the party. Very much respected was Moreau among all colors, and the Gallic suavity of his manners was much admired among the fair sex of his own race. He always wore a pleasant face, always had a good word, and always for white people a bearing of unalterable respect, from which no provocation could induce him to swerve in the utterance of an unseemly or impudent word. He bore scolding with a stoical indifference, and with the most unruffled temper. His only frailty was a turtle-like slowness of locomotion and dalliance in the perfection of jobs. And this is inherited by his progeny. To this day, if you tell his grand-children to run, they will flap their arms at their sides, shuffle along at the same rate, and imagine that they are making time. Moreau was in great glory when walking in procession, with a blue scarf about his shoulders, at the head of the 'Negroes' Mutual Benefit Society,' on some gala-day. He was the president of that institution, which had its laws and by-laws, and a very good one he described it to be. 'If we get sick, dey take care ob us; and if we die, dey bury us.' His recollections of St. Domingo were better than those of Africa, and he could afford some authentic and interesting reminiscences of Toussaint, and of other characters who figured upon the stage. He could still go through the military drill with precision, giving the word of command in French, and wheeling about on his heels, and to the end of his days had somewhat of a military bearing. He had forgotten his native language, and spoke only broken English and broken French; a compound jingle. But in this respect he was no worse off than many whites, who never make up for their loss by acquiring a new tongue. Such was Uncle Moreau, a respected patriarch, a polished black; and his departure from the stage of action excited more sympathy, and of a longer duration, than Frank Jones. This is said without any disrespect to the memory of Mr. Jones, who was also balsamed in the kind regrets of his family and friends.

Blacks are not apt to be long sick. Although their well-lubricated systems work kindly, and they can endure much labor, and are proof against many influences deleterious to the whites, yet, because they are

easily disheartened, they often sink down suddenly, like a tallow-candle in the socket, and the spark of life slips out of their oleaginous bodies. I have not known many of them to die instantaneously, but disease with them often advances at a galloping rate. The same property which makes their flesh so soft, their limbs so mobile, their bodies so well rounded, their voices so mellow, their tempers so gay, and their laughter so hilarious, causes them to dissolve quickly at the first touch of the Destroyer, and sends them to that land whose climate bleaches the complexion, and where moral qualities shall alone occasion subdivision into 'black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray.'

Moreau was taken with a fever, and notwithstanding the buoyancy of his feelings in health, like the rest of his race, when once down, he gave up right off. Notwithstanding his great age, he might possibly have got well by exerting the same force of resistance as the pale faces. But, alas! his time had come, and as he had none of that tremendous responsibility which attaches to whites, and causes them to clutch eagerly at the slightest chance of life, he was contented to fling up his arms and float unresistingly down the stream. His green-house was soon to cave in, his orange-trees and geraniums were to be transferred to another spot, and he was to leave after him the fragrance of a good name, whatever might be said of other people. He knew his time had come, and it was in vain to stimulate him with words of encouragement, or with the hope of getting well. When I found that he could not live long, I asked him if he had any request to make; but before he could comprehend, his mind wandered. He was off to St. Domingo, murmuring about Toussaint, L'Ouverture, and Monsieur Cossart, his old master; humming tunes which he had heard Mademoiselle Charlotte play to the accompaniment of the harp; talking about rose-buds and geraniums, interspersed with 'Lord-a-mercy! Monsieur Frederique,' and all that.

'Moreau! Moreau!'

I shook him gently by the shoulders: he lifted his head above the yellow pillow and the rags on which he lay, opened his eyes, and was himself again.

'Moreau! do you know you have not long to stay?'

'Ah, oui! oui! Ready—make—'

He was about to wander again in the direction of military affairs, but was recalled. He also had a favor to ask, and I expected that it was something relating to his wife and children, who stood around his bed sobbing. But it referred to himself and his old master. He stated in effect—for I will not attempt to quote all his broken words, which might rather cast ridicule upon so solemn an occasion—that he had lived with M. Cossart many years, and asked me if I remembered that big sycamore which stood before the house where the Frenchman lived. That sycamore he had carried on his shoulders when it was a small tree, and planted with his own hands, and now it overshadowed all the road. 'Monsieur Cossart good man! good man! but he die; leave poor old Moreau. Now he die too. He go see Mr. Cossart—never part.' Then he went on to say how kindly Mr. Cossart had treated his domestics, and gave them wine every day. I asked Moreau to say what he had to say as quickly as possible, for I feared that his mind would again wander,

and that he would be off to St. Domingo or the spirit-land. I thought that he might desire some one to say with him a parting prayer; for although his religious emotions were never very powerful, he had been a steady attendant and member of the church. He lifted himself slightly up, and said he was 'much oblige,' that there was one thing which he wanted very much, and that I would do him a great favor in procuring it; and that was — A GLASS OF CLARET! Poor Moreau! It came too late to revive him. The next day he was buried by the NEGRO BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

A H M E !

BY FLORUS B. PRIMPTON

NEVER were there days more dreary —
 Ah me!
 Never heart than mine more weary,
 Ah me!
 For the eye that mine delighted
 Never shall I see,
 And the love I nursed is blighted —
 Ah me!

When I wander down the meadow —
 Ah me!
 On my heart then falls a shadow —
 Ah me!
 Butter-cups are yellow, very;
 Pink is vale and lea;
 But she's gone who made them merry —
 Ah me!

When the evening winds are sighing,
 Ah me!
 When the plaintive dove is crying,
 Ah me!
 To their wail my heart replying
 Evermore will be,
 Brooding where the loved is lying —
 Ah me!

Oh, the path I tread is lonely —
 Ah me!
 And my heart keeps sighing only,
 Ah me!
 By the dark and solemn river
 She who walked with me
 Sleeps for ever and for ever —
 Ah me!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. In two volumes. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY. 1852.

THESE two volumes have been sometime before the public, and have served as foundations for good, bad, and indifferent criticism. They can never be popular in any 'UNCLE-TOM' sense of the word. The school and its teachings forbid it. Into this sanctuary of thought but few will care to enter; and on its threshold they must divest themselves of all the common weeds of an every-day experience, and walk in privacy and calmness of judgment.

In style and idea these volumes are completely original.* The rhetoric is pithy and masculine; the thought impulsive and suggestive. They are sweet kernels from the nut of Transcendental Literature. No super-refinement is here. Cultivated intellect is married to common-sense, and there is a superlative freshness, which savors of New-England forests wet with morning-dew. The analysis of character is so perfect, so beautifully complete, so regardful of light and shadow, that it is as if we beheld a natural landscape, where every exquisite detail but perfects the unity of the whole.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, on the twenty-third of May, 1810. 'My father,' she says, 'was a lawyer and a politician. He was a man largely endowed with that sagacious energy which the state of New-England society for the last half-century has been so well fitted to develop.' Speaking of her mother in the same connection, she beautifully observes, 'She was one of those fair and flower-like natures which sometimes spring up even beside the most dusty highways of life—a creature not to be shaped into a merely useful instrument, but bound by one law with the blue sky, the dew, and the frolic birds. Of all persons whom I have known, she had in her most of the angelic: of that spontaneous love for every living thing—for man, and beast, and tree, which restores the golden age.'

MARGARET'S education was early cared for by her father, who fell into the common and fatal error of stimulating her intellect to a precocious degree. She ascribes to this, visitations of spectral illusions which defiled nightly before her over-tasked brain, in shapes more hideous than those which for years besieged the Opium-Eater.

She early imbibed a taste for literature—more particularly for the literature of southern Europe—believing her intellectual affinities all pointed that way;

and DE STAEL, RACINE, PETRARCH, and ROUSSEAU, engrossed a homage which a more liberal and corrected taste afterward bestowed upon the masters of English and German literature.

From the school of Misses PRESCOTT, in Groton, Massachusetts, whither her father had sent her for a time, MARGARET returned to live in Cambridge. Here she applied herself to the culture of her mind, and formed many friendships which endured for life. Her reading and study were extended and severe. She was already acquainted with French, Italian, and Spanish literature, and qualifying herself for the reading of German. In three months from the time she commenced German, she read with ease the flower of its literature. All this reading did not affect her judgment, nor bias, in any considerable degree, her intellect. She thoroughly understood the nature and relations of each author whom she read, and never placed him above or below his true standard. SCHILLER, JEAN PAUL, and NOVALIS, exercised a powerful and invigorating influence over her; but GOETHE—the wonderful, universal, and many-sided—drew her by the force of his superior attraction. ‘It seems to me as if the mind of GOETHE had embraced the universe. I have felt this lately, in reading his lyric poems. I am enchanted while I read. He comprehends every feeling I have ever had so perfectly, expresses it so beautifully; but when I shut the book, it seems as if I had lost my personal identity; all my feelings linked with such an immense variety that belong to beings I had thought so different.’ The effect of GOETHE on MARGARET was complete. She was perfectly timed to it. She found her moods met, her topics treated, the liberty of thought she loved, the same climate of mind. Of course, this book superseded all others for the time, and tinged deeply all her thoughts. The religion, the science, the Catholicism, the worship of art, the mysticism and demonology, and withal the clear recognition of moral distinctions as final and eternal—all charmed her; and FAUST, and Tasso, and MIGNON, and MAKARIA, and IPHIGENIA, became irresistible names. It was one of those agreeable historical coincidences, perhaps invariable, though not yet registered—the simultaneous appearance of a teacher and of pupils, between whom exists a strict affinity. Nowhere did GOETHE find a braver, more intelligent, or more sympathetic reader.

The shock and impulse of delight which MARGARET, as well as many others, experienced from the battery of German transcendentalism, was communicated by a master-spirit of the age—THOMAS CARLYLE. In a series of essays of deep and original splendor, this great thinker had challenged the attention of the youthful world of literature to the essential truth which German philosophy symbolized.

Transcendentalism, in its original sense, was a philosophic protest against the teachings of Hume and the materialistic spirit of the age. In its later and more significant sense, it was an appeal from all traditional and sectarian dogmas, to the direct inspiration of the soul by God. It eschewed all binding formulas, and proclaimed, as its end, the attainment of absolute freedom. On the stepping-stones of patience, culture, agony of soul, solitude, and long watching for inspiration from the ‘wind which bloweth where it listeth,’ its disciples sought to ascend to the mystical heights of rapture and ecstasy, to stand upon the prophetic mount, and catch glimpses of the promised Canaan.

Toward the realization of this result, all nature contributed. Each stone became a sermon; each flower a hint of mystery. Man’s body was the temple

of the living God; man's heart was the Paradise of promise and perfect bloom; and love and poetic rapture constituted at once the sweetest incense and the purest praise. Intuition usurped the seat of logic; and precept and morality were to be realized in active life.

The standard orthodoxy had become divided into a multitude of sects, each of whom claimed to be the receptacle and participant of the entire truth. The division-lines were marked and impassable, and the sentiment of religion, which is spontaneous, overflowing, and pervading, was inextricably interwoven within the meshes of dogmatic controversy, and personal praise and worship were neglected for party wrangling and bigotry. Then came the reaction. The appeal was lost amid the clash and din of contending sects, and its intent and purpose was misunderstood, because its essence could not be bounded by a creed. Day by day it grew stronger, gathering many pure and good into its open and unforbidden communion, and constituting a living church gathered from all sects, and involving the 'spirit of all creeds, and the substance of all formulas.' In short, it was the inception of a new theology, whose hopes embraced all humanity, whose law was love, whose end was absolute freedom and perfection.

Theoretically, transcendentalism is sublime in the extreme. It involves, as a condition of its growth and symmetrical development, the employment of every passion and faculty that is beautiful and noble in humanity. It appeals, with equal reason, to the heart and the intellect. The graces and embellishments of life are not to be sacrificed to its sterner and coarser demands; nor, on the other hand, are they to be retained as indispensable to a high culture. Affection and reason divide the empire of being, and God and humanity acknowledge no tie but that parental and reverential love which on the one side is pure and perfect, and on the other devoid of fear. The practical philosophy and holy aim of transcendentalism attracted and quickened the finest intellects of the age; and side by side with the names of Emerson, Carlyle, Parker, Martineau, Clarke, and Ripley, who illustrated and still adorn the school, must be placed that of MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, who, equally by her trustful energies and by her poetic and penetrating genius, exercised a sweet and welcome influence over many kindred hearts.

MARGARET realized in herself the perfect combination of teacher and disciple. Her intellect and soul were open to all the daily aspirations which exhale from the gardens of nature and humanity; and in turn, the flower of her genius and the altar of her heart distilled a fragrance and precious incense which revealed the beauty of the blossom and the purity of the worship. 'The world is the book of woman,' says Rousseau; and it is certain that, much as MARGARET was indebted to literature, her obligations to persons were weightier and of more benefit.

Her conversational powers were of an original and suggestive order. She intuitively perceived the thought and character of her audience, and surprised individuals by this genius of insight, which opened the casket of the inner heart, and revealed treasures which came to one as a memory and a dream. Those who were repelled in the original contact, and those who were prejudiced by hearsay, came at last to be delighted auditors of this Delphian maid and priestess of the soul. Her conversational efforts were the offspring of present excitement, and included a more varied range, a greater depth, and greater life and vigor, than are to be found in her printed works. 'With the firmest tact, she led the

discourse into the midst of their daily living and working, recognizing the goodwill and sincerity which each man has in his aims, and treating so playfully and intellectually all the points, that one seemed to see his life *en beau*, and was flattered by beholding what he found so tedious in its worldly weeds, shining in glorious costume. Each of his friends passed before him in the new light; hope seemed to spring under his feet, and life was worth living. The auditor jumped for joy, and thirsted for unlimited draughts. What! is this the dame who, I heard, was sneering and critical? This the blue-stocking of whom I stood in terror and dislike? This wondrous woman, full of counsel, full of tenderness, before whom every mean thing is ashamed and hides itself; this new Corinne, more variously gifted, wise, sportive, eloquent, who seems to have learned all languages — HEAVEN knows when or how — I should think she was born to them — magnificent, prophetic, reading my life at her will, and puzzling me with riddles like this: 'Yours is an example of a destiny springing from character,' and again, 'I see your destiny hovering before you, but it always escapes from you.'

The charity of MARGARET's opinions may be read in her remark on Shelly: 'Had he lived twenty years longer,' says she, 'he would have become a fervent Christian, and thus have attained that mental harmony which was necessary to him.'

It is refreshing to find amid the shallow cant, and fashionable persecution of the day, such true perceptions of the inharmonious relations of one whose temperament was as spiritual as that of FENELON, whose heart was as brave as FICHTE's or JEAN PAUL's, and whose defects, and long-seeking for bright views and settled convictions regarding the sublime problems of life and death, are attributable to the sinister influences of a misdirected early education.

We read constantly of MARGARET's enthusiastic admiration of great intellect and great men, and yet she was no hero-worshipper in Carlyle's sense of the term. She did not subscribe to the exaggerated statement that 'society is founded on hero-worship.' She felt, as all feel, the magnetic attraction which adheres to marked personality; and owned — as who does not? — such influence as grows out of the really beautiful and true in human character. But she constantly disowned the imperfection of man. For every word of flattery, she had another of plain, honest, out-spoken truth; and to her clear discernment, the naked soul of the king was revealed through all the disguises and trappings of royalty.

Her nearest and dearest friends were not exempt from this severity. Affection was met by affection, kindness by kindness, caresses by caresses. But then this intimacy was to be strengthened and purified by counsel, advice, and, if need be, stern rebuke. She did this 'boldly and sincerely.' In her estimate, truth was more than friendship, and true friendship she would weigh against the world. And yet she called for equal sincerity on the part of her friends. Truth gives wings to strength; and so, on the stepping-stones of self-knowledge, love, and friendly advice, she advanced into higher kingdoms of perfection, and into atmospheres of perpetual and unclouded beauty.

MARGARET's acquaintance with RALPH WALDO EMERSON commenced in 1835, and was productive of benefit on both sides. The philosopher was stimulated by her genius, and puzzled by her character. He observed in her a continual strife between passion and common-sense. Now she was driven into strange asser-

tions, and isolated positions, and an hour following her good sense prevailed, and established harmony of thought and action. This unequal poise of passion and intellect, giving to the one or the other temporal ascendancy, constituted her in character and sphinx, whose riddle it was hard to resolve.

She had the popular and unpopular sides. In criticism her writings were characterized by 'directness, terseness, and practicality.' What she wrote for the New-York *Tribune*, the *Dial*, and in published books, was loaded with common-sense, and charged with popularity; but her strong ties of friendship were twisted of the fibres of passion; and in her private correspondence, where she is liberated from the irksome decorum and established formality which beset popular writings, where affection prompted instead of intellect, she unburdens her soul of all its griefs and raptures, and, carried away by her abundant temperament, floats out into the sea of mysticism, and of poetic ecstasy.

But we pause for the present. Farther and concluding remarks upon these volumes must be reserved for our next number.

ONE YEAR: A TALE OF WEDLOCK. By EMILIE F. CARLEN. In one volume: pp. 356. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, Brick-Church Chapel.

THIS work is translated by MESSRS. KRAUSE and PERCE, who have tolerably rendered the Swedish into our modern English; being evidently much more familiar with the former tongue than with the latter, which is the more difficult language, it must be confessed, of the two. Whatsoever EMILIE CARLEN writes is true and affectionate, and beautifully domestic. She loves home-hearths and fire-sides like a cricket; and wherever you hear the crackling of the logs; wherever you see the cheerful blaze, and the genial faces gathered around it, you may be sure that every sound she utters will find some quiet human heart for its home and resting place. This is a story of young married life; gentle, and tender, and true; showing what the fond heart of a woman has felt, and what her faithful pen can record in simpleness. We do not know that we can say more than this. It is enough to create affection for this good Swedish woman's books; and, as that affection will amply reward the reader, he or she will doubtless share our pleasure in the reading of it. It is gotten up with Mr. SCRIBNER's customary neatness.

HOME LIFE IN GERMANY. By CHARLES LORING BRACE. In one volume: pp. 450. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, Brick-Church Chapel.

THIS is a very fair record of bourgeois life in Austria, one of the southern countries which compose that *terre qui n'existe pas* — Germany. Mr. BRACE tells very pleasantly what he saw and heard in the houses to which he had access; and with such records, and his own thoughts upon politics and religion, fills up a volume of four hundred and fifty pages. He exhibits a considerable amount of observation; he has enjoyed full opportunity of observing the worthy Austrian bourgeois, and paints them with a kindred and sympathizing pencil. Bating an occasional Phariseism, such as the description of his praying in the Vienna Cathedral, where he believed 'that in all the superstition around me, there were many that worshipped the INVISIBLE BEING *as purely and spiritually as I*;' bating this, the 'Home Life in Germany' will recommend itself to all the admirers of Mr. BRACE's first book, 'Hungary in 1851.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Up the River, April, 1853.

A FEW rare gleams of lightning sometimes dart out of the skies in mid-winter, followed unexpectedly by a rattling peal of thunder; for electricity, vital force, is every where and alway. When not accompanied by all its visible play of crackling light and blinding flashes, it is recognized in the spasmodic action of every thing which lives or moves a muscle—in the beating of the manly heart, or in the outstretching of the stalwart arm. Impalpably diffused, it burnishes the subtle links of all the golden chain which round and round entwines the realms of life and beauty. Passing from the portals of the ETERNAL ONE, who makes the flames his messengers, it has returned and gone again before another pulse can beat, or another leaf tremble. It is the mightiest agent, the subtlest essence, the very archangel with wings of fire to set in motion the material universe. Breathing, we feel it, as it is wafted through the arteries, and illuminates the dark alleys of the blood. We are invested with its halo; it oozes out of the finger-ends; and every human being is a golden bowl, a censer full of this undying fire, kindled when man became a living soul. How strange that for so many ages it should have been a secret emissary, accomplishing the circuit of all space, and reporting to no one but God that it had been on a journey! For the waves murmur audibly at our feet, and we walk at the very bottom of that mobile and transparent ocean of air which rolls in many a shifting tide above our heads, and these impress more constantly with their material presence. But for the molten globules of that subtle flood which glibly rolls about all space, men scarcely marked till yesterday the action of its silent, steady, operative current. They knew it only in its grandeur and terrific might, and not in its continual and immutable laws. Now we never see a sudden flash, except to think with admiration of that new PROMETHEUS who stood beneath the surcharged cloud, holding in his hand, as it were, the key of knowledge, wherewith to unlock the dark pavilion where it had been enshrined so long, and light a torch from heaven. He sent his child-like missive to the skies, and received answer in a thrilling spark. That key was a master-piece of bold conception, and when it turned the *bolt*, revealed with startling flash the secrets of the Universe, the untold mysteries of the Past. And where is that key of the great Bastille of Nature, wrested in that mighty revolution of science, which imprisoned the fiery spirits held by the same timid

despotism of ignorance which chained GALILEO and made the earth stand still? Where is that splendid emblem of advancing light and knowledge, with all its wards and bright compartments annealed in fire, when

‘HEAVEN opened wide
Its ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges turning ——!’

Has it been lost among the crumbling ruins of the old systems of Ignorance and Superstition? Hangs it in the halls of this great Father of reviving Science, to be suggestive to the eyes of those who come after him? Where is the key with which FRANKLIN drew down the lightnings from heaven?

‘Another thought comes to me when I behold the storm lower; it is suggested by the rolling thunder, and it flashes upon me with the flashes of light: the most punctual adaptation of discovery and invention to the immediate times and necessities of the world. As only a faint phosphorescence glimmered over primeval chaos, and then the gorgeous sun appeared above the earth when it had been arrayed in a paradise of beauty, so gradually bursts forth the light of knowledge; and it shall shine only in meridian splendor when moral order has been established in all the vasty void. Thus, when the germ of civil liberty was ready to be transplanted, then, and not till then, did the virgin soil which was congenial to it loom up, with all its marvellous riches, beyond

‘—— the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador.’

Not till the *Magi* of the East were prepared to follow it ‘westward,’ did ‘the Star of Empire take its way.’ And so, while this rough, uninhabited land was being subjugated, the art of printing was scattering the idea of liberty among thick populations like thistle-down upon the winds. Then, when the soil was ready, and not till then, did starvation, and famine, and wars, and pestilence, combine to drive the densely-clustered people of the Old World precipitately to newer and more favored realms; and lest the natural love of country should prevail over them, the all-omnipotent passion for gold urges its appeal, and the very laboratories of Nature appear to have been discovered at the far ends of the earth, and alchemy is at a discount. And now, too, when the ideas of men are quickened, and more think, and swifter channels are demanded for thought, and the press of FRANKLIN no longer avails, lo! the very lightnings which he brought down from heaven become subservient to man, and his ministers are the flames of fire.

‘But I must not philosophize, though sitting in a sylvan bower among these scenes of more than Andalusian beauty, *up the River*. Like SOLOMON, I must describe the natural things, even from when the tender grass begins to flourish, until the winter spreads upon the earth the melancholy pall of death.

‘I was going to describe a tremendous thunder-storm which visited these regions a week ago — one of the most sublime which I have ever witnessed, and unexpected. There are two seasons when you may look for the most startling phenomena of electricity. The first is at mid-summer. When the day begins with sultry heats, without the bracing elasticity of the morning, and through its long hours the incessant sun shines down attempered by no fanning winds, and the steaming vapor ascends upward, and vegetation wilts, and the tongues of panting animals distil pellucid drops, and the small gnat squirms on your moistened hand, and the blood boils in the veins, and Imagination, dreaming of

water, water, water, travels to where the surf beats on the Rockaway beaches, or puts into many a desired cove over the snow-white pebbles most musically sounding, toward those grassy slopes whence naked feet descend to meet the flood — *then*, when toward the set of sun you hear the muttering of distant thunder and the sound of pattering rain, look for great exhibition and equipage of the Deity. The storm is often grand and overwhelming at this time; and as we hear the ALMIGHTY's chariot-wheels roll thundering on around the hemispheric mountains, 'My FATHER! my FATHER!' we are ready to exclaim, 'the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!' Oh! I should love to stand upon the threshold of a bamboo cottage in the tropics, where the burning sun hangs vertical above the equator, to gaze upon the very grandeur of the storm; to see the hurricane tear up the stricken roots of centuries, and whirl the crests of trees like feathers on their sportive breath. For perfect love entirely casts out fear: and never, from a boy, could I rush to mother's arms, or coil in feather-beds; but rather rock upon the swaying branch, and watch the zig-zag lightnings and the bolt strike down into the heart of the solid oak. There is an eloquence in the storm which no tongue can equal; for God speaks with his thunder and his earthquake to a continent in the twinkling of an eye. If it be pleasant to stand upon the sun-lit plain when the gorgeous procession of the summer is passing by, while only soft breezes fan the cheeks, and the sheep graze peacefully beyond the precincts of their fold, it is more exulting to walk beneath the dome when clouds and darkness overgather, and when the tempest is at hand. The tranquillity of summer is apt to lull us into forgetfulness; but the tempest, the tempest causes us to adore God in his power, and to love Him not less when he rides upon the whirlwind and directeth the storm. O ye lightnings and clouds, bless ye the LORD! praise Him and magnify Him for ever!

'But another period when a thunder-storm will burst out with most terrific violence — though more rarely — is at the vernal equinox. This I have lately had occasion to witness. The day was uncongenial, and a cold fog, as if it came from ice-bergs on the coast, or snow-capped mountains, rolled about in the hollows, and rested in white clouds almost on the edge of the plains. After the balmy weather which had preceded, it was such a day as would almost drive one to despair. Within-doors you could not help feeling gloomy in the extreme. No cheerful fire was on the hearth; a leaden dulness brooded over all created things, and animation appeared to be extinct; for I could neither read a line nor write a word; only now and then would open the door, and gaze out listlessly upon the lazy scene, and think that the vegetation did not advance by the most imperceptible degree. It seemed impossible to stir up any feeling; for although it was not cold, the heart felt congealed; and although it was not hot, you drooped and lagged behind the time. It was an apathy the most profound. Have you ever felt so? There is an influence in external things which sometimes produces this estate. There was no sound, no sight, no memory, and no prospective. I remember, toward evening, I was sitting on the sofa trying to read a book, and throw off the incubus, when I heard the wind howl like some beast in a distant lair, and in an instant the type became indistinct, and the night advanced by fast degrees.

'Before I could look out of the window, I heard a noise as if some one had thrown a handful of stones against the clap-boards of the house, and I said to myself, 'That is hail; a great hurricane is coming on.' Quicker than a

word, the rains descended and the floods fell; a blinding flash illuminated all the panes; an elm yawned, cloven as by a wedge from where its glorious boughs branched out from the summit of the massive trunk, and a storm of grape-shot pelted the roof. The birds, driven from their nest, sought to be admitted within-doors. The play of intense lightning was incessant, accompanied by the roll of thunder. I gazed upon the scene between the intervals of light and darkness, and beheld the green grass completely covered with bullets of ice. Then I opened the door, and walked upon the porch to contemplate the glorious scene, and the thousand fiery, darting snakes, and splendid fire-works which were in the sky. Soon after this the hail stopped, but the rain fell in torrents; the thunder ceased, but the skies flashed as before. Then I took an open glass vessel, and baring my head, and walking out upon the lawn, by the light of the lightning I began to gather the icy pellets, some of which were of the size of a full-grown walnut. The grass was covered with them as if it had been January, not April; and I could see that a part of the disc of these globules was snowy-white, and the remainder part perfectly clear and pellucid; and they were collected most at the roots of rose-bushes and in hollows on the grass. I gathered the vessel full in a little time, and it was with no ordinary curiosity that I surveyed them afterward as they liquefied in a tumbler. Beside these, there were a great many flakes and scales of ice which lay around, and were too thin to be collected. In a half-hour the violence of this storm passed over, and nothing was to be heard but the dripping of a steady rain. As I write the account of it, the millers flit around the lamp, most eager to be consumed; the little insects crawl about the dark mahogany, and with wings fast-closed, some miller (I do not know his Christian name) feels with long antlers the very point of the pen with which I write. Another, with spare wings, spare legs, and sparer body—a juvenile DADDY LONG-LEGS, though having wings—rushes into the flame. Now I hear only the rain drip from the eaves, and the toad trill in the tree, and the frogs croak from the distant meadow.

‘There is one marked characteristic of the month of April—I speak not of its fickleness, but of the softly-falling rains. They are not driven at an angle with the ground, nor dashed into your face and eyes like water hurled against windows; but one by one, like individual honey-drops, come down so lightly as, not to bend the tender blades of grass; and they stir the surface of the water-tank which stands beneath the eaves with not more commotion than the leaves of flowers which float upon its brim; and it is most delightful to hear the dripping and the dropping, impalpable as the distilment of tender tears. For you do not sit behind a window to look upon these gentle showers, just as you do when cold drops from the north-east hit and break against the glassy surface; but you go out of doors, and bare your head, that a few sweet particles may insinuate themselves into the very top of your brain; and you open your mouth, and stretch forth your hands, and thrust your slippers into the beaded grass. An April rain is like a dew made visible, and is the very honey of the skies. It is a blessing for which the heart of man should be as grateful as the thirsty land. O ye dews! bless ye the LORD! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever!

‘In the midst of these vernal showers the birds sit among the blossoming limbs and trim their plumage, never intermitting their song—the blue-bird, and the chuckling wren, and the blithe robin—and last Sunday for the first time I greeted the returning swallows. They are now dashing up and down the highway as they did last season, ever circling about the spot where stood an ancient

barn which has been torn down; and as those who have been for a long time in a dormant state, whose previous impressions yet remain, they still keep diving into the imaginary port-holes, and through the imaginary open doors, and search for the sheltering roof and well-pegged beams, and rafters, and angles, where, alas! there is only air. Once more they twitteringly pounce into the chimney of my house; but as a little smoke curls upward from a slight wood-fire, they will keep aloof for a few days and then return, because their instinct teaches them that fire will not be necessary long. But catch them building a nest in the kitchen-chimney, which is for ever in a blaze. They do not like the smell of vegetables, fat meat, and burning soot. Swallow is very careful not to return too soon, as the more adventurous of his crew are apt to perish the victims of an icy and untimely wind; but he has yet to learn that a telegraphic wire is not a natural perch; for if a steam-ship is in the Manahattan offing, and there is a fresh war in Europe, or the bells in merry England have been ringing for the birth of another prince, off goes the spark to bear the tidings to the remotest corners of the land, and swallow drops down dead. Oh, *Hirundo*! thou art one of the most welcome messengers and presagers of the Spring. The flight of thy lithe and agile body can almost equal the swiftness of the electric spark.

F. W. S.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — In the twenty-first number of the '*Ollapodiana Papers*,' published in the *KNICKERBOCKER* for November, 1837, appeared in one of its subsections the following: 'To those who are disposed to glean philosophy from the mayhap less noticeable objects of this busy world, there are few sights more lovely than childhood. The little cherub who now sits at my knee, and tries, with tiny effort, to clutch the quill with which I am playing for you, good reader; whose capricious taste, varying from ink-stand to paper, and from that to books, and every other portable thing — all 'movables that I could tell you of' — he has in his little person those elements which constitute both the freshness of our sublunary mortality, and that glorious immortality which the mortal shall yet put on. Gazing upon his fair young brow, his peach-like cheek, and the depth of those violet eyes, I feel myself rejuvenated. That which bothered Nicodemus is no marvel to me. I feel that I have a new existence; nor can I dispel the illusion. It is harder, indeed, to believe that he will ever be what I am, than that I am otherwise than he is now. I cannot imagine that he will ever become a pilosus adult, with harvests for the razor on that downy chin. Will those golden locks become the brown auburn? Will that forehead rise as a varied and shade-changing record of pleasure or care? Will the classic little lips, now colored as by the radiance of a ruby, ever be fitfully bitten in the glow of literary composition? — and will those sun-bright locks, which hang about his temples like the soft lining of a summer cloud, become meshes where hurried fingers shall thread themselves in play? By the mass, I cannot tell. But this I know. That which hath been, shall be: the lot of manhood, if he live, will be upon him; the charm, the obstacle, the triumphant fever; the glory, the success, the far-reaching thoughts,

• That make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years.'

'It is with others as with ourselves: 'We know what they are, but not what they may be.' Time adds to the novel thoughts of the child, the tricks and

joyance of the urchin; the glow of increasing years, the passion of the swelling heart, when experience seems to school its energies. But in the flush of young existence, I can compare a child, the pride and delight of its mother and its kindred, to nothing *else* on earth, of its own form or image. It is like a young and beautiful bird; heard, perhaps, for once, in the days of our juvenescence, and remembered ever after, though never seen again. Its thoughts, like the rainbow-colored messenger discoursed of in the poetic entomology of La MARTINE:

“BORN with the spring, and with the roses dying—
Through the clear sky on Zephyr's pinions sailing;
On the young floweret's open bosom lying—
Perfume, and light, and the blue air inhaling;
Shaking the thin dust from its wings, and fleeing,
And soaring like a breath in boundless heaven:
How like Desire, to which no rest is given!
Which still uneasy, rifling every treasure,
Returns at last above, to seek for purer pleasure.”

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, JR., so feelingly and fondly alluded to here, now sleeps by the side of his mother and father, gone before him to the ‘better land.’ As he lay in his coffin, he looked as if fallen into a calm sleep. We never saw a more natural expression on a living human face; nor could a more faithful miniature of his loving father's features have been presented. The long lids were closed upon the ‘large, bright, spiritual eyes’ which, with his rich auburn hair, he derived from his mother; and the classic lips wore a ‘still smile.’ Mother, father, son—all rest together—a ‘family in heaven.’ In a few days ‘WILLIE’ would have been sixteen years old. He was much beloved for his affectionate heart, his bright intelligence, and ‘his little winning ways.’ He was fond of reading, and his love of humor was very characteristic. In the country, a few miles from Philadelphia, where it was his custom to pass three or four of the summer-months with a kind and affectionate maternal uncle, he won the hearts of all who knew him. He loved to whip the trout-streams and sport in the woods of his relative's beautiful farm in Bucks county. But alas! ‘the places that knew him once will know him no more for ever.’ He has gone, in the freshness of his early spring-time, ‘ere sin could blight or sorrow fade;’ and he leaves behind him only fond regrets and tender recollections. ‘Whom the gods love die young. Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness and end in storm. ‘It is well with the child.’ - - ‘C. J.’ writes us from Prairie Ronde, Kalamazoo county, Michigan, in the following plaintful style: ‘I am angry with you. I am annoyed, seriously annoyed, by the cool and blundering manner in which your ‘Bunkum Flag-Staff’ Editor, ‘WAGSTAFF,’ runs ‘*Our Bourbon Question*’ into the ground. I say *our* Bourbon question, for we of Michigan have the PRINCE on our soil, and we have entertained high expectations of making the most out of this modern discovery. This is the second mischance that has occurred to us of the ‘Pensinsular State’ within the current year. We intended to have managed the political relations of this country for four years from and after the fourth of March last; that chance was lost by the accidental use of the term ‘Old Foggy’ by some astute editor, or ‘scalawag’ member of Congress, and our brave old General and kind-hearted fellow-citizen ‘did n't come in.’ The city of ‘Gotham’ can't abide the idea of having a veritable ‘Bourbon prince’ so far away in the West, and she must needs ‘set on’ your ‘WAGSTAFF’ to make the thing superbly and magnificently ridiculous. Out upon your envy, hatred, and

malice! I shall invoke the aid, for condemnation, of your 'Up the River' correspondent, after his 'busy season' of looking after his broods of young 'Shanghais' has passed. If you had been honest, and privately addressed us upon the subject, we would have submitted some propositions under which you might have had a chance for a portion of the honors, and a small share of the profits. We had just worked this same 'Bourbon question' along to a point, and already had the proposals drawn out, in lawyer-style, with folios strung together with red tape, and seals properly stuck on, under which BARNUM would have been duly delegated and commissioned to make a compromise with LOUIS NAPOLEON, and we, the people of Michigan, had the pleasure of counting and spending a 'large pile' of French gold. Tell 'WAGSTAFF' that this is one of the blunders that is worse than criminal.' - - - It must have been sheer envy on the part of Mr. C. CONKLIN NEPPINS, that excluded the following stirring 'pome' from the columns of '*The Quog Literary Gem*.' We take an early occasion to do justice to the talents of the author, K. N. PEPPER, Esq., who writes us that he 'has chose the *hydraulic* measure, because, next to *hydrameters*, he considers it the most effectooal:'

'SUBJECT: A COLLUSION BETWEEN A ALEGAITER AND A WATER-SNAIK:

TRIUMPH OF THE WATER-SNAIK: DETH OF THE ALEGAITER.'

'THEIR is a niland on a river lying,
Which runs into Gautimaly, a warm country,
Lying near the Tropicks; covered with sand:
Hear and their a symptum of a Wilow,
Hanging of its umberagious lims & branches
Over the clear streme meandering far below.
This was the Home of the now silent Alegaiter,
When not in his other element confine'd:
Hear he wood set upon his eggs a sleep
With l ey observant of flis and other pasing
Objecks: a while it kept a going on so:
Fereles of dainger was the hapy Alegaiter!
But a las! in a nevil our he was fourced to
Wake! that dreme of Blis was two sweet for him.
I mornning the son arose with unusoal splendor
Whitch also did our Alegaiter, coming from the water,
His scails a-flinging of the rais of the son back
To the fountain-head whitch tha originly spraug.
But having had nothing to eat for some time, he
Was slepy and gap'd, in a short time, widely.
Unfobalid soon a welth of perl-white teth,
The rais of the son soon shet his sinister ey
Because of there mutooal splendor and warmth.
The Evil Our (whitch I sed) was now come;
Evidently a good chans for a water-Snaik
Of the large Specie, whitch soon apeared
Into the horison, near the bank where repose'd
Calmly in slepe the Alegaiter before spoken of.
About 60 foot was his Length (not the 'gaiter)
And he was aperiently a well-proportioned Snaik.
When he was all ashore he glared upon
The iland with aproval, but was soon
'Astonished with the view & lost to wonder' (from WATS)
(For jest then he began for to see the Alegaiter)
Being a nateral Enemy of his'n, he worked hisself
Into a fury, also a ni position.
Before the Alegaiter well could ope
His eys (in other words, pircieve his dainger,)
The Snaik had envelop'd his body just 19
Times with 'folds volocominus and vast' (from MILTON)
And had tore off several Scails in the confusion
Besides squesing him awfully onto his stomic.
Just then, by a fortunate turn in his affairs,
He ceazed into his mouth the careles tale
Of the unrefleeking water-Snaik! Groan desperate.
He, finding that his tale was fast squesed
Terrible, while they roaled all over the iland.

'It was a well-conducted Affair: no noise
 Disturbed the harmony of the Seen, ecsept
 Onct when a Willow was snaped into by the roaling.
 Each of the combatence had n't a minit for holering.
 So the conflick was naterally tremenjous!
 But soon by grate fource the tale was bit complete-
 Ly of: but the eggzertion was too much
 For his delicate Constitootion: he felt a compression
 Onto his chest, and generally over his body:
 When he ecspres'd his brething, it was with grate
 Difficulty that he felt inspir'd again onct more.
 Of coarse this State must sufer a revolootion.
 So the Alegaiter give but 1 yet, and egspire'd.
 The water-Snaik realeed hisself off, & survay'd,
 For say 10 minits, the condition of
 His fo: then wondering what made his tale hurt,
 He sloly went off for to cool.'

IN reading the following account of a horrible and sublime spectacle, many a reader's thoughts, we cannot help thinking, will revert, as ours have done, to the wreck of the *PRESIDENT*, in the bottom of the 'cold, terrible sea:' 'It will be remembered that the steamer *VICTORIA* was sunk near Dublin a few months since, carrying to the bottom a great number of passengers. A diver went down into her cabin once, and succeeded in bringing up all her plate; but nothing could induce him to go down a second time—not all the riches at the bottom of the sea. The diver says that on entering the cabin he thought he was in a wax-work exhibition; for the corpses had evidently not moved from their position since the vessel sank. There were some eighteen or twenty persons in the cabin, one and all of whom, although dead for days, seemed to be holding conversation with each other; and the general appearance of the whole scene was so life-like, that the diver was almost inclined to believe that some of them were living. From their various positions and countenance, he thinks they could have had no idea of the disaster which was hastening them on to so untimely an end. He could not be induced to repeat his visit, although offered large sums to renew the search. - - - 'I was amused with the experience of a clerical friend of mine,' writes a new correspondent, 'in his first essays to tie the 'knot divine.' 'I had nursed,' said he, 'my first case very carefully; had published the banns in due form for three successive Sundays; had studied the service thoroughly, so as to be entirely *au fait*; and had even had a rehearsal of his part with the love sick swain, in my study, explaining to him the ceremonies, responses, etc., until I was quite sure he would be able to appear creditably on the occasion. To 'make assurance doubly sure,' however, I requested him to take an early opportunity to study the service over with his intended; and as he had no prayer-book, I lent him a very choice one, which I had in my little library, and informed him that I should endeavor to be punctual to the hour appointed, and hoped that I should find him and his beloved fully prepared. The day came, and just as I was leaving for the residence of the bride-elect, my prayer-book was returned to me, with a dirty scrawl wrapped around it, to the following effect:

'SIR: the gal and me has concluded not to be married your way. The old man says Elder Jones is got better, and thinks he will do the job for us just as well. ZEKEL BARGOON.'

'My next case was still more provoking. As I was entering the church for morning service, I was accosted by a young man with: 'Are you the elder of this meeting house?' I replied that I was the rector; and as he seemed to hesitate, I asked him if I could do any thing for him? Blushing, he handed me a

paper containing a notice of intention of marriage, and requested me to read it to the congregation, which I accordingly did, closing with the usual form, 'This is the first time of asking.' The two following Sundays the notice was repeated, and I then expected, of course, a summons to the marrying, and besides enjoying a feast of cake and fat things, to pocket, in anticipation, a handsome fee. On coming out of church, after giving notice the third time, one of my parishioners touched me on the shoulder, and, drawing me aside, said: 'I observe that you publish the banns of Miss A. and Mr. B. week after week. Perhaps you don't know that they have been married for nearly three weeks.' This was a damper to my expectations, you may be sure. The sly rogue, impatient of delay, had given his notice to three clergymen on the same day, had married and returned home from the honey-moon trip, before I knew any thing about it! - - - 'Knowing our friendship for little people,' sundry of our friends and correspondents in divers places have sent us several pleasant anecdotes connected with their artless ways, a few of which we present in this juvenile subsection of our desultory 'Gossipry.' They represent children-lovers in the east and the west, the north and the south:

'THE sayings of the 'little folk' in recent numbers of your 'EDITOR'S TABLE,' revive many recollections, which tempt the recital of what otherwise would have remained unwritten. Surely naught but good can come of the distribution of those wisdom-drops from the lips of those who were called to His presence because 'of such was the kingdom of heaven.' Has your experience in watching the development of those flowers of eternity never informed you that the child's year of all others richest in graces of body and mind is the *fifth*? Mine has. I well remember how often, when my boy was at that age, the clear look of the large, round eyes, that seemed to mirror heaven, and the few simple words from the frank lips, told like a rebuke upon some light word or act of the parent. And now his sister has reached that most interesting period, so rich with lessons worth heeding.

'We live in the country, and our neighborhood is measured by miles, not 'blocks.' One winter-evening, not long ago, while the family were, as usual, gathered around the centre-table, a neighbor drove up, and entering soon with hearty friendliness, had KERRY on his knee. 'Come, KERRY,' said he, 'won't you go home and live with me?' The child looked up in his face; the golden curls fell backward to her shoulders; and her deep-blue eyes met his, as she answered: '*God gave me to this house.*'

'The tone was simple as the words, and the silvery voice was childhood's; yet, for a moment the sounds seemed as if wafted from a far-off world where angels only dwell. A shadow — no, not a shadow, but a sober brightness, as of something profound and holy — was cast over the meditative mood of the dwellers in 'this house;' and every heart within it swelled with gratitude for the great God's gift.

'KERRY still calls my daily trip into town 'going down-town,' as when we lived 'up-town.' The other day, she was sitting alone with me in the library, and, as usual, on my knee; when, after a moment's reflection, she threw the brightness of her blue eyes into mine, and said: 'Do you get time to say your prayers down-town, Papa?' 'HEAVEN bless thee, child! No! no! Too little time is taken in the turmoil of 'down-town' for breathing a prayer to HEAVEN for its blessing on our work!'

'Not long since, I was on a visit to a sister, whose home is made joyous by the presence of three bright-eyed 'wee things,' whose unceasing chatter makes sweet household-music. I arrived in the early evening, just in time to hear their sweet good-night; and in the morning with the lark I heard their frolic voices. I was soon among them. It was one of those gorgeous autumnal mornings which sometimes kiss the fading brow of October. As I descended to the parlor, 'How do you do, Uncle?' was the united cry; when a dear little girl of four smiling summers caught me by the hand, and hanging fondly thereby, raised her bright eyes, and, with a half tearful expression, said: 'I am so sorry, Uncle, that you staid so long in your room!' 'Why, my dear?' said I. 'Oh dear, it's all gone now!' she replied; 'but I do wish you had been up early, for the Morning made the sky look so beautiful when the Night went to bed!'

'A friend told me the following as having occurred under her own eye; and well does it illus-

trate that false dignity which is too often assumed by those who wear the vesture of the pulpit in their intercourse with the people of their charge. Door-bell rings: the Rev. Mr. — is introduced to the family-room, where three children are busily engaged at play, snuggled in the corner of the room, the mother diligently engaged in sewing. She rises to meet 'the minister,' and salutes him, while he, with lofty, cold, repulsive dignity, says: 'Good-morning, Mrs. —, are you well to-day?' And as dignifiedly takes a seat. After a moment's pause, he says, in the same unbending, unfamiliar manner: 'I trust, Madam, that you have been well since I saw you last?' 'Thank you, Sir, quite well.' A brief pause. 'I hope your family have been, and are, in health?' 'Well, I thank you, aside from the ordinary sickness of children.' Another pause. 'I trust that you have found consolation and rejoicing since my last visit?' etc., etc. And thus passed away some ten or fifteen minutes; the children all the while having suspended their play with a kind of indescribable fear, which children only can look; first glancing wonderingly at each other, and inquiringly at the mother. Rising to depart, with the same unrelaxing dignity, the clergyman said: 'I leave my blessing with you and your family, Mrs. —, and will bid you good-morning.' Hardly had the door closed, when a little boy of four years ran toward his mother, and clinging tightly to her dress, raised his eyes inquiringly, and with all the simple earnestness of a child, said: 'Mamma, mamma, was dat Don?' I thought the reply conveyed a most important lesson, and one so plain that none could misunderstand or misinterpret it, coming as it did from the lips of innocent childhood.

In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, I used to visit a venerable Virginia gentleman of the olden time. His house was the abode of genial hospitality and refined opulence; and surrounded by his children and grand-children, I never saw a more perfect picture of domestic happiness.

'It was Mr. P.'s custom to call his little grand-son to his side morning and evening, and on his bended knees, and with his little hands clasped and raised to heaven, teach him to utter the simple prayers appropriate to lisping infancy. One morning, the good old gentleman ventured to instruct him in the Lord's Prayer; he had advanced most successfully as far as the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when little WILLIE looked up, his eye sparkling with animation and delight, and exclaimed: 'O! Gan-pa, put some butter on it!' Even the gravity of my venerable friend yielded to this assault.

'I know a family very strict in religious observances—evening prayer, grace before meat, etc. On a recent absence of the parents, grand-ma (who makes no pretence to piety) presided at the tea-table. Observing the silence, MARY C —, a very tiny girl, whispered: 'Grand-ma, I can say grace.' Permission being given, little MARY put her hands together, closed her eyes, and with an air of great sanctity and gravity, repeated the following:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

'SEEING in one of the numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER an extract from the letter of a lady, giving an account of a very characteristic prayer by her little brother, I was reminded of one by my little flaxen-haired nephew, which will serve, like that, as an *entremôt* to your monthly feast. The family, I must premise, consists of the grand-mother, my brother and his wife, two children, myself, and a dog yeclpt 'FANNY ELSSLER.' Last summer, the little three-year-old boy lay in his bed chattering away to himself: at last he paused, and clasping his chubby hands together, began: 'Lord bless gran'ma, and make her a good gran'ma; Lord bless papa, and make him a good papa; Lord bless ma'ma, and make her a good ma'ma; Lord bless Aunt M —, and make her a good Aunt M —; Lord bless 'TOOTY,' [his way of calling his little sister LUCY,] 'and make her a good 'TOOTY; ' Lord bless 'FAN,' and make her a good 'FAN.'

'The little fellow evidently is a believer in the doctrine that dogs possess souls, the 'philosophers' to the contrary notwithstanding.'

WITH all his faults, it has always seemed to us that there was much to admire in the stern severity of CROMWELL. That he was a hypocrite, with murder in his smile; a formalist in religion, with no genuine piety in his soul; a hater of royalty while secretly desiring to grasp the sceptre and the crown, no impartial reader of his eventful life can for a moment deny. But there was something almost approaching the sublime in the stern severity of the man—in the fearlessness of his great soul. Common minds withered before its fierce influence; great minds bowed themselves before that iron will, in whose path-

way no difficulty dared to lurk. These thoughts have been suggested by reading CROMWELL's speech on dissolving the Long Parliament, which may be found in the Parliamentary Debates. We have never met with it elsewhere; and think it will be new to a great majority of our readers. It is a fine specimen of the rude, vigorous eloquence of this singular man, and so characteristic that it must remove all doubts as to its being genuine:

'It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like ESAU, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like JUDAS, betray your God for a few pieces of silver. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your god. Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled the sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices, ye have grown intolerably odious to a whole nation. You who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this House, and which, by God's help, and the strength HE has given me, I now intend to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place! Go! Get you out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves, begone! Take away that shining bauble there, the Speaker's mace, and lock up the doors!'

Wasn't *that* a 'moving speech?'—and can any one wonder after this that the Parliament 'ramosed the ranch?' We think we see OLIVER following the members out, with 'indignation in 's aspect,' and, as CARLYLE says, 'in those broad nostrils of his a kind of *snort!*' - - - A CUNNING old Dutchman was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature some years ago from — county. On one occasion he promised a lobby-member to vote for a certain local measure; but when the measure came up, he voted against it, and it was lost. The lobby-member came to him in great wrath, and the following colloquy ensued: 'Sir, you promised to vote for my bill.' 'Vell,' said the Dutch member, 'vat if I did?' 'Well, Sir, you voted *against* it.' 'Vell, vat if I did?' 'Well, Sir, you *lied!*' 'Vell, *vat if I did?*' was the cool reply. - - - A LADY-friend in Ohio shall not appeal to us in vain for a hearing on the subject of '*Second Marriages.*' She must bear in mind, also, that while we give free expression of opinion to our contributors, we do not always endorse their conclusions. Our fair friend writes: 'It was in your February number, wasn't it, that '*Second Marriages*' were 'read out?' Now, ever since my first remembrance, I have looked upon you as unquestionable authority. Only think of me then, a young, and as I had supposed until now, a very happy wife, reading from your ever respected pages a denouncement of all my theory of bliss; a perfect crushing of the crystals through which—poor, simple heart!—I believed I saw life's richest colors. I have been studying upon the matter, trying to get resigned to my unfortunate destiny, hoping that, may be, no one else thought as did your contributor. But now even *that* hope is destroyed, for another, in your May number, returns a vote of thanks. Now it is n't in my heart to dispute their view of the matter; but then they, of course, are not reasoning from experience, no more than did our little FRANK, who, with a faint vision of his angel-mother playing about his childish memory, wondered, upon the advent of his new mamma, what we were to do when we all got up in heaven? 'for,' added the little thinker, 'I shall want to be with you some, and with my other ma.' The matter was at last settled

in his own mind by deciding that we would 'all sit up close together.' Tears stood in my eyes as I listened to the little prattler, but they were not tears of regret; and the halo seemed to brighten around my heart at the thought of training that beautiful boy for the angel-sphere as yet so faintly comprehended, not by *him* alone. I am no logician; but I know that God has given me a heart that gives and claims an ocean of love; I know that in our dear cottage-home the memory of the parted one is cherished with beautiful devotion, and comes to us like some guardian-angel; a link between our earthly Eden and the heaven we hope to win. I enclose you some lines suggested by the articles already alluded to. It may be that their only claim to merit lies in their being the truthful breathings of a second wife:

THE SECOND WIFE.

THEY told me he had won before
Another heart than mine,
And laid his first and deepest love
Upon an earlier shrine:

They said my spirit oft must grieve,
If I my lot would cast
With one who held so sacred still
Remembrance of the *past*.

I heeded not; my bark was launched
With his on life's swift tide,
And earth holds not a happier heart
Than mine—a *second* bride.

I know that he has loved and lost
What life may ne'er give back;

The flowers that bloomed in freshness once
Have withered on his track.

I know that she, the angel-called,
Looks out from yon blue heaven,
A watcher o'er the earth-bound soul
From which her own was riven.

Together do we oft recall
This dream of other years;
Nor do I love him less to know
He once had cause for tears.

More blest am I that it hath been
My love-appointed task
To wake anew the 'light of home'
In which his soul may bask. MYRA.

The following elegant and perspicuous *Prospectus of a Hotel at Pompeii* was copied by a correspondent at the 'VITTORIA SALERNO,' Italy. The document was printed in two columns, one French, the other an English translation. 'I transcribe it,' says our friend, 'exactly as I saw it printed. There was some uncertainty at first as to the phrase '*Fine Hok*.' It evidently does not refer to the 'stranger wines' of the hotel, but is a mis-spelling of 'Fine Look,' which is a literal translation of 'Belle-vue,' the name of the house:

RESTORATIVE HOTEL: FINE HOK:

KEPT BY FRANK PROSPERI, FACING THE MILITARY QUARTER, POMPEI.

'That Hotel, open since a very few days, is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments, and linen, for the exactness of the service, and for the excellence of the true french-cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families, whatever, which will desire to reside alternatively into that town, to visit the monuments new found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air.

'That establishment will avoid to all the travellers, visitors, of that sepulch-city and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great disorder, occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the iron-whay: (*chemin de fer*.) People will find equally thither, a complete sortment of stranger wines and of the king-dom, hot, and cold-baths, stables and coach houses, the whole with very moderated prices.

'Now, all the applications, and endeavours of the hoste will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers, which will acquire without doubt, to him, into that town, the reputation which he is ambitious.'

A good many years ago, as we gather from a friend, in a certain pleasant town in this State, a descendant of the ancient KNICKERBOCKERS held the position of Justice. A case was to be tried before him, and he had, as he supposed, given out the proper time; when one Sunday morning, as he was 'getting ready' for

church, the parties appeared, and, very much to his astonishment, insisted that *that* was the day he had set. He seemed considerably nonplussed at his mistake, but after a moment of profound cogitation, turned to them and said: 'Well, shentlemens, I cannot try dis case on der Shabbath; derfore, I adjourns it to one week from next Wednesday. Now, HANS,' said he, turning suddenly to his son, as the bright idea struck him, 'git der almanac, und see if dat comes on Sunday!' - - - HERE is an epistle from our friend and correspondent, 'CARL BENSON:' and, like all the communications to this Magazine from that lively and accomplished 'Gossiper' and scholar, it will prove as acceptable to our readers as it is to the EDITOR:

'20 Rue Barbet-de-Jouy, Paris, February 10, 1853.

'DEAR KNICK: Knowing you to be fond of songs and songlets in all languages, I send you translations of two, which I scribbled off the other day. One is a bit of German sentiment, and, as is apt to be the case with such effusions, a little cloudy of purport, though with a great *appearance* of simplicity. I warrant your *other* KARL, (does he spell his name with a K because he is kurios, as I spell mine with a C because I am sentimental*— 'over the left' sometimes?) I warrant 'MEISTER KARL' has often heard a lot of Teutons going into fits over the plaintive chorus:

THE THREE RIDERS

'THREE riders went out at a castle-gate,
Farewell!
Their loves at the window were weeping thereat,
Farewell!
And since, alas! we must parted be,
Then give me thy ring, to remember thee.
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Such parting 'twere pity to tell!

'There is one who parts us—'t is DEATH, the churl,
Farewell!
He taketh so many a rosy girl,
Farewell!
He parteth so many a husband and wife
That made for each other such pleasure in life.
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Such parting 't were pity to tell!

'He taketh the child in the cradle laid,
Farewell!
Oh! when shall I meet with my nut-brown maid?
Farewell!
Ah! not on the morrow! Oh, were it to-day!
For both of us then would be happy and gay!
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Such parting 't were pity to tell!

'The other, quite a contrast, is a favorite French ditty. 'Mr. Crow' is as popular in Paris (thanks to the comic talent of LÉVASSOR, the singer) as his name-sake, Mr. James Crow, in our own country. The metre of my version may appear somewhat rough, but I assure you it follows that of the original exactly, and is perfectly adapted to the music:

'ONE day old Mr. Crow, among some high trees,
Was holding in his beak a nice piece of cheese,
When cunning master Fox, attracted by the smell,
Came sneaking up to wheedle him, as he knew well,
With his lol lol de-rol, with his lol lol de-rol,
With his lol-lol de riddle lol de ray!

* Cf. The story of the three aldermen's ladies playing at the game 'I love my love with a letter.' The first began, 'I love my love with a G because he is a Gustice;' the second, 'I love my love with a N because he is a Night;' the third, 'I love my love with a F because he is a Fistician.' It was the 'Gustice' himself who gave the famous toast, at a literary dinner: 'The three R's: reading, riting and rithmetic.'

'Adx! ade! ade!
Ja, scheiden und meiden thut weh.'

'Good morning, Mr. Crow! pray, how do you do?'
 'Very well, I thank you, Master Fox; and how are you?
 And all our little folks, except my daughter JANE,
 Who caught a cold quite recently from all this rain,
With her tol tol de-rol, etc.

'By Jingo! my dear Crow, why, how well you dress!
 You get your clothes at Paris, now you must confess,
 With that the silly bird, being regularly caught,
 Presented him his tailor's card upon the spot!
Singing tol tol de-rol, etc.

'Now, really, if your voice is equal to your coat,
 LABLACHE and MARIO with you can't sing a note!
 Pray, tune us something up, however short it be:
 We know you're all musicians in your family!
With your tol tol de-rol, etc.

'So thereupon the crow, without being more prest,
 Began to sing an *aria*, his very best;
 But as he had to ope his beak ere he could sing,
 He let go of the cheese—and it fell down, *ping!*
With its tol tol de-rol, etc.

'Now, cunning Master Fox was looking out for it;
 He jumped upon the cheese, and he laughed to split!
 Then to the crow he said, 'I've made a fool of you;
 You're very badly dressed, and you can't sing true,
Not even tol tol de-rol, etc.

'The poor deluded crow gave a mournful caw.
 'What a pity that the duel is forbid by law!
 I'm regularly choused! By Jove! it is no use
 To be so old a crow, and act so like a goose!
Singing tol tol de-rol, etc.

MORAL.

'Of our instructive song, the moral is this here:
 So, little crows and big, I pray you give an ear.
*It's very 'slow,' indeed, says an epicure and wit,
 If you are fond of cheese, to talk while eating it,
 Even tol tol de-rol, even tol tol de-rol,
 Even tol tol de riddle tol de ray!*

CARL BENSON.

'A WORD OF WISDOM,' to be heeded: Whoso travelleth Philadelphia-ward, and sojourneth for whatsoever period in that beautiful city, should 'make the acquaintance' of the '*Washington House*,' Chestnut-street, near Seventh, Philadelphia, and its popular proprietor, Mr. A. F. GLASS. Those who live in GLASS's house will never 'throw stones;' for such a bountifully-supplied larder; such APICIAN cookery; such delicious wines; such well-kept parlors; such cool, clean, airy sleeping-rooms; and such studious assiduity to make a guest 'happy and comfortable,' would mollify the most pugnaciously-disposed stone-slinger in the world. Mr. GLASS is, himself, an accomplished gentleman, of the old Kentucky school; such a man as it is pleasant any where and at any time to meet. Our readers will recollect the enthusiastic description given by a correspondent in these pages some months ago, of the wines to be met with at the '*WASHINGTON House*,' selected and imported by the proprietor himself; the delicious sherries and Madeiras; the *more* delicious early vintages of Hocks, of the Duke of Nassau's 'Cabinet;' and the most delicious 'sparkling Johannisberg' and 'sparkling Moselle.' We remember thinking at the time that our correspondent's praise was a little *too* enthusiastic; but not so. These wines *are* the finest it has ever been *our* good fortune to taste at any hotel in this country; and that is saying a good deal in this 'City of Hotels' of unsurpassed fame. - - - At the National Academy, a few evenings since, we stood near RANNEY's picture, representing the purchase of Manhattan Island from the Indians, in 1620. A long-legged dandy,

with a few thinly-settled hairs on his upper lip, was just before us. Being asked the subject of the painting by a by-stander, he looked 'wondrous wise,' and replied: 'It's WILLIAM PENN treating the Indians!' The same 'learned Theban,' later in the evening, classically described the 'Hip-pod-ro-me,' and its popular performances as 'clevaw.' - - - 'IN your 'EDITOR'S TABLE' for March,' writes our ever-welcome correspondent, 'BEVERLEY,' 'you refer to a passage in one of the epistles of St. PAUL, as presenting a powerful specimen of eloquence. The passage is undoubtedly very fine. The character of that noble apostle has always appeared to me a most sublime model for a Christian. Combining a woman's softness with the energy of a lion; a woman's tenderness with a heroism and will to bear that no terror could daunt, he passed gloriously through the eventful scenes of his arduous ministry, and then, by a painful death, went to enjoy his martyr's crown. But there is nothing, in my view, so sublimely eloquent and impressive in the New Testament as the simple story of the life on earth of the pure and gentle FOUNDER of our religion. Take away the epistles, with all their doctrinal points, and leave me the simple gospel narrative of the life of my SAVIOUR, and I want no other evidence to assure me of the divinity of HIM whose religion I profess, and 'what manner of man I ought to be, if I would see HIM where HE is.' The Old Testament prophetic writings are full of sublimity, whenever they allude to the coming of HIM for whose advent all the movements of the world were adjusted, empires rose and fell, kingdoms waxed and waned. What can be finer than this sublime allusion to the characteristics of the expected ONE, written a thousand years before the manger cradled HIM in Bethlehem:

"FOR unto us A CHILD is born; unto us A SON is given; and the government shall be upon HIS shoulder; and HIS name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, the mighty God, the everlasting FATHER, the PRINCE OF PEACE."

'No unprejudiced mind can sit down calmly and read the prophetic allusions to the Advent, and believe CHRIST to have been mere man: and I well remember, when quite a lad at the Flushing Institute, having been deeply impressed with this truth upon hearing a sermon on the subject from Dr. MUHLENBERG, then as now one of the finest pulpit-orators in this country. I have preserved one passage: '*Ex uno disce omnes*:'

"LET us suppose that we were near the walls of some ancient city of the East, and were witnessing the march of a magnificent procession just entering its gates. It is a numerous and imposing train; and its purpose is, we learn, to usher into the city a long-expected personage. The arrival of this personage is a theme of general congratulation. We are arrested by his name and titles in every part of the procession. They are sounded by the heralds, written on the standards, and shouted by the choirs. One herald, as he rides up to the gates, cries: 'Awake! awake! put on thy strength, O City! put on thy beautiful garments!' Another announces: 'HE whom ye seek is suddenly coming in his temple.' A third exultingly exclaims: 'Behold, thy KING cometh unto thee; HE is just, and having salvation.' Mark the snowy banners as they float in the breeze, while his name glitters upon them in letters of gold; and listen to the voices: 'Blessed is HE that cometh.' The crowd in the city echo it back, and the children keep up the strain: 'Blessed is HE that cometh! Hosannah! hosannah in the highest!' The procession is nearly within the gates: and now for the triumphal chariot, the glowing crimson, the blazing gold, the exalted personage himself! Nothing of the kind appears. The train concludes with a solitary herald, riding in the rear. Has it been an empty pageant, a triumphal procession about nothing? Just such an absurdity is the heresy that CHRIST was no more than man. For what magnificent preparations were made for HIM! What a procession had there been of prophets, priests, and kings, reaching downward from the creation through four thousand years! What descent sweet did the harp of prophecy keep ringing on HIS name! How did they give the watch-word from generation to generation: 'Behold, HE cometh! Behold, HE cometh!' How

did the impatient Zion console herself with types and shadows of His glory, and sing beforehand, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates!' How did the patriarchs strain the eyes of their faith that they might see HIM through the mists of centuries; and the prophets climb the highest peaks of the mountains, that they might catch a glimpse of the distant light! And at last there comes forth a mere prophet; after all, the MESSIAH is a child of mortality. HE, the 'unspeakable GIFT,' whose birth GABRIEL himself came down to proclaim; HE, the WONDERFUL, the COUNSELLOR, the PRINCE OF PEACE, the everlasting FATHER, a worm of the dust? Never! never! never!

'But, aside from all prophecy: take that simple Gospel narrative of the life of the 'MAN OF SORROWS' while here on earth; and he must be less than man who can read it without deep emotion, and who does not feel an irresistible impulse that it is true, and that it is the inspired story of the sufferings, trials, and loving deeds of one whose love was more than human, and whose nature was divine. It beams upon us in every step of his lowly progress upon earth, in every miracle that he performed for the alleviation of human suffering. It speaks to us from those beautiful, god-like precepts that flowed from his lips on the Mount. It glows in that incomparable prayer for his disciples, that none but a God could utter, when his soul poured itself out in those touching words:

"NEITHER pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe in ME through their word, that they also may be one, as THOU, FATHER, art in ME, and I in THEE, that they also may be one in US. . . . I in them, and THOU in ME, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that THOU hast sent ME, and hast loved them as THOU hast loved ME.

"FATHER, I will that they also whom THOU hast given ME may be with ME where I am, that they may behold MY glory which THOU hast given ME, for THOU lovedst ME before the foundation of the world."

'It trembles in that agonizing supplication in Gethsemane, mysterious for the depths of suffering it opens: 'O my FATHER, if it be possible, let this cup pass from ME; nevertheless, not MY will, but THINE be done.' It filled with glorious effulgence earth and heaven when the bowed head of the sufferer fell upon his agonized breast, and the cry of expiring agony, 'It is finished!' restored man once more to the estate lost by the fall.' - - - 'TALKING about cats' in our April number, brings us this missive: 'When I was a law-student, and a bachelor, (both which I am yet, although now practising,) I gave my days to school-teaching, and my nights to study. But while yet a student only, I had a favorite female *felis*, which, to the best of my knowledge and belief, remained in my room all the day, as I know she did at night, for then I was personally present. Escaping from the weariness and toil of the school-room, my cat would escort me from the yard-gate to my study-room with the most bewitching grace, purring along as I might fancy a pretty little wife to chatter at my return. Ahem! what miserable fellows we bachelors are! But let that pass. When seated, she would spring upon my lap; then, at her pleasure, upon my table, and from that perch herself upon my shoulder; and peeping round into my face, seem to be quietly comparing her whiskers with my own. After seeming to have assured herself that I was 'all right,' receiving sundry caresses, and repaying them with her inimitable purring, she would retire to her comfortable rug by the stove, and take a nap. Subsequently, she would seat herself upon my table, watching intently the motions of my pen, and ostensibly studying the meaning of the hieroglyphics I was drawing upon the paper. Who shall speculate upon the thoughts of that cat at such moments? But all this seems long since. Since the occurrence I have related, my cat has gone where all good cats of right ought to go: *Requiescat in pace!*' - - - 'The physician who borrowed the 'Advocate' to read the 'Country Doctor' papers from the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' is respectfully

informed that another very humorous one will be published next week; and the price of the paper is only one dollar a year.' The editor of the journal from which the above paragraph is taken, (as well as all our exchanges,) is requested to notice that each number of the KNICKERBOCKER is 'entered according to act of Congress,' in order to secure, among other things, the copy-right of several articles now going on. '*The Fudge Papers*,' by IK MARVEL; '*Letters from Up the River*,' by Rev. F. W. SHELTON; and '*The Country Doctor*,' are secured for the benefit of their several authors. The publisher of this Magazine is preparing to issue 'THE COUNTRY DOCTOR' in a handsome illustrated volume; when physicians and others can enjoy the benefits of his 'practice' for the sum of one dollar; and if they do not find it the cheapest and best 'doctor's-book' they ever bought, we will 'unyoke.' - - - At the last term of the Circuit Court in the city of Janesville, the gentleman who 'spells God with a small j,' thus beautifully illustrated his command over metaphor: In assessing the damages done to a farm by the location of a rail-road over it, it was contended by the counsel for the company that nothing should be allowed but the value of the land actually taken. Criticising this argument, and endeavoring to portray the strong influence of domestic habits, and the tender attachments we form for familiar places, the orator indignantly exclaimed: 'Ah! gentlemen, the argument of the counsel might be very well if man was a shark, that gets up in the morning and eats his breakfast, 'smouses' around all day, and at night lays down like a dog. But, gentlemen, man is *not* a shark!' - - - 'ONCE upon a certain time a 'law-suit' was held in the town of Little Valley, Cattaraugus county, in which a strong effort was made to impeach the testimony of one H — S —, whose character was considered rather 'sealy.' Several witnesses were called by the 'party' wishing to exclude H —'s testimony, for the purpose of proving that he was not to be believed under oath. Among the rest was one 'Bob Davis,' a jolly raftsmen, and a son of the 'Emerald Isle.' 'Bob' was a good, faithful hand, and well 'posted-up' in all the requirements of his laborious avocation. H — had worked with 'Bob,' and had proved rather an unhandy oarsman. Mr. Justice SHALLOW held out the 'Testament;' 'Bob' took the required oath, and the 'learned counsel' (Mr. A —, who has since risen to political eminence) began propounding the usual questions. He asked 'Bob' if he was acquainted with H —, and received an affirmative reply: 'Well, ROBERT, from your acquaintance with H —, should you say that his general character for truth and veracity is good or bad?' 'An', sure, yer Honor, I knows nothin' about his gin'ral karackter for thruth and veracity; but he's a miserable cuss at an oar, an' I'd belave no sich man on his oath!' This reason was not deemed very valid, and as 'Bob' could offer none more substantial, he was allowed to stand aside, and make room for the next witness. - - - 'BELOW you will find,' writes a Pittsburgh contemporary, 'a gem of correspondence addressed to the editors of the '*Union*' newspaper of this city, which should, I think, figure in the 'Editor's Table' of 'Old Knick.' The 'correspondent' alluded to is a lawyer, a country store-keeper and justice of the peace, a colonel of militia, principal stock-holder in some iron-works in Clarion county, owner of three saw-mills, and last, though not least, a good fellow. But let the 'parrowgraff' speak for itself:

'PROFIT AND LOSS. — A correspondent from Clarion writes as follows: 'We had higher waters yesterday than have been known for ten years. There has been great loss of property on Clarion and Red Bank. I am perfectly safe: did not lose a dollar. About sixteen thousand saw-logs came down to the mill. Kept them all!'

IN a small country-town located in the vicinity of the junction of the Chenango with the Susquehanna river there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, 'run completely down.' It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually giving out. One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual — the deacon, of course, leading off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and requested Brother — to repeat the hymn, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. The deacon very composedly 'pitched' it to another tune, and it was again performed with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished, and taken the book to give out a second hymn, when he was interrupted by Deacon — gravely getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, 'Will Mr. — please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!' - - - We had the ill-luck, the other day, in passing from our touseur's in Ann-street to Nassau, to drop a parcel, directed to 'Mr. LESTER,' the capable 'first-officer' at our printing-office. It must have been picked up within half a minute after it was dropped, but it has never been returned, although it contained abundant evidence of where it belonged. There were in it sixteen pages of KNICKERBOCKER proof-sheets, and some five or six pages of 'Gossip,' embracing a recent letter from a friend dated at the Planters' Hotel, Saint-Louis, with an amusing story; a humorous poem, commencing, 'I took the cars at Albany,' or 'words to that effect;' a communication from 'BEVERLEY,' another from 'J. F. O.,' and divers little articles, beside, from the pen of the EDITOR, including remarks upon the National Academy of Design, the 'SHAKESPEARE Club,' and the 'Progress of the Daguerrean Art in New-York.' Much good may it do the person who found and who retains it! It is a very useable 'treasure-trove,' isn't it? Perhaps a reward was expected? Ah ha! verily the finder 'has his reward!' — at least all that he ever *will* get. Meantime, we must ask the correspondents mentioned above to send us duplicates of the communications to which we have alluded. We shall re-write for our next number the remarks upon the exhibition of the National Academy, which included brief notices of pictures by DURAND, ELLIOTT, HICKS, HUNTINGTON, BAKER, LANG, KENSETT, GRAY, CHURCH, STEARNS, the brothers MOUNT, CARPENTER, RICHARDS, CAFFERTY, PEELE, GIGNOUX, and others; not forgetting the sculptors, PALMER and JONES. We again invite attention to the exhibition. We are not surprised to learn that its superior merits attract unwonted patronage, both from citizens and strangers. - - - VERY pretty is 'The Song of the Dove,' rendered into English from the Swedish of Miss BREMER, by our fair correspondent 'CREEDIA:'

'THERE sitteth a dove so fair and white
Upon the lily-spray;
And she listens how to JESUS CHRIST
The little children pray.

'Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And up to heaven hath sped;
And to the FATHER in heaven she brings
The prayers which the children have said.

'And back she speeds from heaven's gate,
And brings — that dove so mild —
From the FATHER in heaven who hears her speak,
A blessing for every child.

'Then, children, lift up a pious prayer;
She hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove so white and fair,
That sits on the lily-spray.'

IMPUDENT pettifoggers, as our readers have often seen, sometimes get their fingers bitten in their own trap, by their insolent brow-beating of witnesses. Here is a new instance: In a Justices' Court 'down-east' a trial was under way for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel, a blustering man of brass, after the most approved fashion of country pettifoggers, thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idiocy to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus: 'Mr. —, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Does he know any thing?' 'Very little.' 'How much does he know?' 'Well, almost nothing; not much more than *you* do!' The witness was allowed to retire without farther question, amidst the most uproarious 'skreams of lafture.' - - - 'DUNIGAN'S *Haydock's Family Bible*' does not fall off in any respect from its early promise. The twelfth number, recently published, contains the *Parelipomenon*, or *Chronicles*. If there be any change at all, it is that the engravings are improving, some of them being exceedingly beautiful, as in this number that of JACOB in the House of LABAN, an American engraving of rare excellence, from the burin of STEINLE. Indeed, every new number issued is a new and the best recommendation for those who have not already subscribed, to do so as soon as possible. - - - The following epitaph is copied from a tomb-stone in the Vernon burying-ground, near Brattleboro', Vermont:

'HERE lies, cut down like unripe Fruit,
A son of Mr. AMOS TUTE,
And Mrs. JEMIMA TUTE, his wife,
Called JONATHAN of whose frail Life
The days all summed (how short the account!)
Scarcely to fourteen years amount.
Born on the twelfth of May was he,
In seventeen Hundred sixty three.
To Death he fell a helpless Prey
April the five-and-twentieth day,
In seventeen Hundred seventy-seven
Quitting this world, we hope, for Heaven.
But though his Spirit's fled on High
His Body mouldering here must lie.
Behold the amazing alteration
Effected by Inoculation!
The means improved his life to save
Hurried him headlong to the Grave
Full in the bloom of youth he fell.
Alas! what human tongue can tell
The mother's Grief, her anguish show
Or paint the Father's heavier woe,
Who now no other offspring has
His ample fortune to possess;
To fill his place, stand in his stead,
Or bear his name when he is dead.
So God ordained — His ways are just,
Though Empires crumble into dust:
Life and the World mere bubbles are
Let loose to these — for Heaven prepare.'

THERE is a village in a large and flourishing State 'out West' which boasts of quite a philosopher, astronomer, etc., in the person of its principal merchant, a singularly odd specimen of humanity, 'by all accounts.' He has lately discovered the mode in which the moon acts upon the sea to produce tides. This has never been entirely settled or explained until now, and the sage aforesaid has the honor of being the discoverer. He says that 'Tides are caused by the moon squatting down into the water!' The very latest theory 'out.'

WE have had many letters answering the inquiry of our correspondent 'BEVERLEY' concerning the poem entitled '*The Baron's Last Banquet*,' two stanzas of which he gave from memory. Our friends have our thanks; and especially the little boy of tender years, who, in a firm, plain 'hand of write,' copied the entire poem for our pages. Its author is ALBERT G. GREENE, Esq., of Rhode-Island, and the whole poem is as follows:

'On a low couch the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony
A dying warrior lay;
The stern old Baron RUDIGER,
Whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had rent.

'They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er;
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now that I —
Their own liege-lord and master born —
That I — ha! ha! — must die!

'And what is death? I've dared him oft
Before the Paynim spear;
Think ye he's entered at my gate —
Has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
When the fight was raging hot:
I'll try his might; I'll brave his power;
Defy, and fear him not.

'Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,
And fire the culverin!
Bid each retainer arm with speed!
Call every vassal in!
Up with my banner on the walls!
The banquet-board prepare;
Throw wide the portal of my halls,
And bring my armor there!'

'A hundred hands were busy then;
The banquet forth was spread;
And rang the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume and spear,
O'er the proud old Gothic hall.

'Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mailed retainers poured
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark
Carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern RUDIGER
With girded falchion sate.

'Fill every beaker up, my men;
Pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop —
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?
Mine eyes are waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim.

'Ye're there, but yet I see you not:
Draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly. Louder yet!
What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all! and shout for RUDIGER,
'Defiance unto Death!'

'Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel,
And rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high.
'Ho! cravens! do ye fear him!
Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
'Ho! cowards! have ye left me
To meet him here alone?

'But I defy him! Let him come!
Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
Came flashing half way up:
And with the black and heavy plumes
Scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark carved oaken chair,
Old RUDIGER sat — dead!'

**. WE are now arrived at the end of our FORTY-FIRST VOLUME. The *Forty-Second Volume* will commence upon new type, in all its departments, with an addition of two 'Forms,' or sixteen pages, in the 'Editor's Table.' The paper will be firm, fine, and white: a marked contrast, by-the-by, to the present number, for the reason that a casual dealer, to whom (from a pressure of government orders upon the hands of our regular paper-maker) we were obliged to depend, found it impossible to supply the required amount in season for the present edition.

'*The Attorney*,' published simultaneously with our last number, has already passed to a second edition. Our readers will remember that we predicted its success from the first, simply because we knew that it deserved, and could command it.